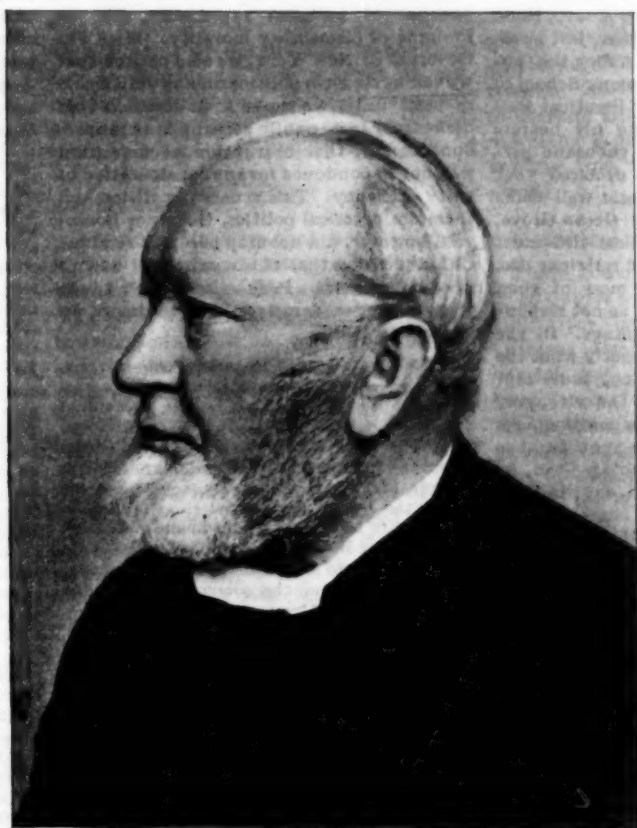


Zion's Herald

August 23, 1899



Rev. William Butler, D. D.

Entered into Rest. August 18, 1899.

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GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT TO THE METHODISTS

THE largest audience ever gathered in the Auditorium at Ocean Grove, N. J., greeted Governor Roosevelt there last week, when he delivered a lecture under the auspices of the Ocean Grove Summer School of Theology. His subject was, "Practical Politics and Decent Politics," and his hearers numbered more than twelve thousand persons. The speaker rightly declared that questions of political life might well come before a body such as that at Ocean Grove, since, in the long run, political life must correspond to the social and religious life. It is idle, he affirmed, for the mass of good people to set themselves apart as not responsible for our political shortcomings. In the end the politicians must be exactly what the people allow them to be. They must represent the people — perhaps the vice, perhaps the virtue, perhaps the indifference, of the people. This does not in the least excuse politicians who are bad, as Mr. Roosevelt made haste to say; but we must keep in mind the fact that every vicious, above all, every successful politician, tends to debauch public conscience, to render bad men bolder, and decent men, who are not far-sighted, more cynically indifferent than ever. If, in blaming the politician, we forget that we are ourselves to blame for permitting his existence, we should not fall into the mistake of thinking that we shall ever make politics better by hysterics. "Wild denunciation of all politicians, good or bad, is the very thing most advantageous to the bad politician, because such denunciation, being one-half false, loses all practical effect, as it is impossible to separate the true from the false." "Remember that your highest duty to the State is to see that you do all that within you lies to elevate the standard of public life, to demand honesty and efficiency in your public men, and to frown on the system of lying slander which would teach you that there is no good and no bad, no black and no white, that everything is gray, and every man a time-server who will do as much ill as he dares." Another form of hysteria, against which the hearers were cautioned, is that of sudden uprightness, of "sudden insurrections of virtue."

"Do not get into the habit of permitting things to drift from bad to worse, with the belief that you can always apply a revolutionary remedy. You might just as well expect to conduct a private business safely on such principles as to get a satisfactory government by their application in public life. Revolutions are sometimes necessary, but government by revolution is not a success."

Coming to a practical illustration, Mr.

Roosevelt fearlessly declared it to be a shame to us as a nation, that we should have tolerated for New York city an administration against which it is necessary to war, not on grounds of political expediency, but on grounds of elementary morality. With the Governor of New York, we also believe that we can never have politics on any satisfactory basis until we make it understood that dishonesty in a public servant is an unpardonable sin; that corruption of any kind will not be condoned for any consideration of party efficiency. This is decent politics, and therefore practical politics. Governor Roosevelt, however, did not stop here; he reminded his audience that this was not all due to practical politics. It is not enough to do what is honest ourselves, and to insist on honesty in others.

"You have also got to possess courage, and, finally, you have got to possess common sense. Courage, because, if there is one individual who is not entitled to exist in a community like ours, it is the timid good man. You all of you remember how Wesley, when remonstrated with because his hymn tunes were considered too joyous, too full of fire for religious music, answered that he did not intend to allow the devil to monopolize the good tunes. Just so we should be careful not to let the devil's agents monopolize the courage and the common sense, while the workers for righteousness confine themselves strictly to high principles and good intentions. . . . If good people are afraid to assert themselves, if they shrink from the hurly-burly of politics, if they won't go to caucuses and the polls, and if they confine themselves to lamenting the amount of evil there is scattered through the world, they are not going to make much progress, and the politician who has neither fear nor scruple will always beat those who have scruples, but who also have fears. To beat him as he should be beaten, you have got to marshal the men who are scrupulous in their morals, who believe in decency and right, and who, so far from having any fear, are ready, if need be, to smite with the sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

So much and more as to courage. As to common sense: "Take Abraham Lincoln's words, when he said that if he could not get the best, then he was going to get the best possible. Never be content with evil, never accept apologies for what is bad, but do not throw away the chance to get good merely because it is not the best that could be obtained under ideal conditions." If practical politics must be the politics of decency, courage, and common sense, it must also be the politics of hard work. — *The Outlook*.

— "Scolding preachers are as powerless as nagging women. Nothing can atone for lack of kindness in spirit and courteous deference in manner. When one's voice rises to a shriek of petulance, it is a betrayal of con-

scious weakness." So says Frank Crane. He is right. We never knew of a case where a preacher did any good by scolding, in the pulpit or out of it. The worst of all times to scold is at the close of a pastorate. To accompany a resignation by a bitter and sarcastic statement of the causes which led to it — whether true or not — is to destroy one's influence in that community. — *Chicago Standard*.

Shall It Fail?

The call of W. E. Blackstone, of Oak Park, Ill., for twenty people who will give \$500 each to aid in relieving the great financial distress of Northwest India Conference, is in danger of failing. Seven or eight of the twenty pledges needed have been received, and the movement seems to have come to a standstill. Never was there a case of greater and more pressing need. Rev. Rockwell Clancy, treasurer of the Conference, writes: "Thousands of Christians have only just emerged from the grossest heathenism. They are superstitious, and surrounded by heathen relatives and neighbors who are doing all in their power to draw them back into idolatry. Our Christians are invited to heathen feasts, and it is not strange that many of them should frequently fall into idolatry. To leave them alone would be worse than never to have baptized them. We have led them out of the densest darkness, but terrible influences are constantly exerted upon them to draw them back. What can we do to save our people? The situation is lamentable, and but for the grace of God we would be discouraged. Our very success is the cause of the debt. The utter indifference of millions of church members in America with reference to the salvation of the heathen fills our heart with unutterable sadness; but we thank God for every one who has the missionary spirit."

There are certainly twelve or thirteen persons in the Methodist Episcopal Church who will respond to Mr. Blackstone's proposition to save the movement from defeat, and, better still, save thousands of newly converted Christians in Northwest India from lapsing into heathenism. Fifteen thousand dollars is needed to pay the debt the missionaries have contracted; if twenty persons will give \$500 apiece, making \$10,000, the remaining \$5,000 can be easily secured in smaller sums. Brothers, sisters, to whom God has given ability, will you not quickly fall into line? How can you quiet conscience and a sense of personal obligation to Christ with this call ringing in your ears? Nay, how can you withhold your gift? Does not the love of Christ constrain you to prompt action? If thousands of our people in Northwest India go back to heathenism, what part of the responsibility will be yours? In Christ's name and on behalf of thousands of needy souls for whom Christ died, I beg of you to hear and respond to this urgent appeal — not my appeal, but the appeal of newly rescued souls which I but feebly voice. Send your pledges or, better still, checks to the undersigned at 150 Fifth Avenue, New York.

A. B. LEON, RD.

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All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

Army to be Increased

The order to enlist ten new regiments of volunteers was issued July 5. Since that time enlistments have averaged about 2,600 a week, and there are men enough to fill the quota, and more than a thousand to spare. Last week the President issued an order to enlist, organize and equip ten more regiments for service in the Philippines. The principal recruiting stations will be in the Eastern, Middle and central Western States, as it has been found that this is the best field for recruits. The 43d regiment will rendezvous at Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont, and the 46th at South Framingham, Mass. Congress fixed the limit of volunteers at 35,000, and when the recruits under this latest call shall have been mustered we shall have more than 30,000 of that number under arms. The new Secretary of War has announced that the policy of his Department is to furnish Gen. Otis with all the men and all the supplies he can use, and to put an end to the insurrection in the Philippines just as soon as possible.

Something Arbitrated

The tiresome refrain, "Nothing to arbitrate," was not chanted by the Boston & Maine Railroad when the Federated Board of Railroad Employees requested an interview with the general manager, last week. The president of the B. & M., the general manager and general superintendent received the board with every courtesy, entered readily into the discussion of matters concerning which there has been some dispute, and showed a disposition indicative of a deep interest in the welfare of their employees. "There is no room for serious differences or open rupture" where the management is as accessible as in this instance, according to the statement issued by the board through its secretary. It is understood that the final adjustment of the grievances of the employees, primarily of the telegraphers, will be only a matter of detail. The Federated Board was in session three days, but immediately after the interview it left the city, and does not expect to find it necessary to make another visit. This is the report which comes from the board

itself; and while the public was not taken into its confidence as to matters in dispute, everybody will rejoice that such excellent results attended its labors.

Bubonic Plague in Portugal

While Europe has been watching Marseilles with sharp eyes to detect the first signs of the bubonic plague, it has suddenly and unexpectedly appeared in Oporto, Portugal, and eleven of the first twenty-six cases proved fatal. Stringent quarantine regulations against Portuguese ports were instantly adopted, sanitary posts were established on the frontier, and all vessels, merchandise and mails from Portugal will find it very difficult to obtain admittance into any foreign port. Few plagues in all history have shown themselves more persistent or more fatal than this new importation from the East.

Beef Trust Prices

It is probably true that better times, higher wages and steady employment have increased the demand for meat. It may also be a fact that free grazing on the public lands is not as good this year as it was last year. It is true that the price of cattle in Chicago is considerably higher than it was during the month of July. Granting all this, there is no sufficient evidence to warrant the very considerable increase in the price of beef which the Beef Trust has decreed; while the promise, or threat, of still higher prices is not reassuring. Nobody doubts that the profits will fall but sparingly into the pockets of the owners of cattle in the West, and that these profits will go very largely to the enrichment of the Trust. Everybody knows that the Trust itself is an illegal combination in restraint of trade, that federal laws exist for the punishment of all such combinations, that these laws have been pronounced constitutional by the highest tribunal in the land, and that the officers charged with the execution of them promptly draw their pay every month. The people have it in their own hands to secure the full enforcement of the laws against trusts, but it is quite too much to hope that even the methods of the Beef Trust will stimulate them to demand their rights.

Commercial Supremacy of Europe

The extraordinary industrial awakening in Russia is scarcely appreciated in this country, but it is a matter of supreme concern to Europe. Great Britain is keenly sensitive to the encroachments upon her trade in the Far East, and is watching the commercial development of Russia with intense interest.

The Trans-Siberian Railway, which was originally planned as a military necessity, is proving its commercial value in a marvelous manner. The phenomenal increase in the value of goods exported from Odessa and other ports on the Black Sea during the last year is unprecedented. The Czar has just decreed that Talien-Wan shall be a free port, open on equal terms to merchant ships of all nations. This is a decree of far-reaching importance. It means that Talien-Wan will be the one great open port of all the Asiatic coast north of Shanghai. Northern China, the populous and wealthy Manchurian provinces, and all Mongolia, will be reached through it. It is an open door to one of the three greatest railroad systems in the world and to half the greatest continent. Some Russian leaders have already seen that militarism offers no such prizes as commercialism, and the girdle of industry is coming into favor as the rival of the sword.

Clearing-House for Labor

There is a chance for Yankee ingenuity to devise some scheme for a Clearing-House for labor. Here are the shipbuilders discharging men because they cannot get iron and steel enough to keep them employed, while many of the iron-making establishments cannot catch up with their orders because of the lack of workmen. The crops already ripe in the fields of the great Northwest cannot be harvested because laborers are not to be had. Transportation is yet in its infancy when its wisest managers cannot devise some means to keep an adequate supply of laborers in all the different fields on which it must depend for real success. The fact that men must starve this winter because crops cannot be harvested for want of laborers this fall, ought to stimulate some inventive genius to provide a remedy. All human industry must continue to depend on gathering, transportation and distribution. Our country has grown so rapidly that up to this time we have never been able to bring these three factors properly to bear. There will be no rotting harvests, no men idle from necessity, and no starvation, when we can adjust these factors.

Japan and the United States

It is but little more than one month since all the foreigners residing in Japan became subject to the laws and business regulations of the empire. Up to that time foreigners of every nation who were doing business in Japan were subject to the laws of their own country, and were amenable for trial in the consular courts through the various treaties which made provision for extra-territorial

rial rights. Fifteen new treaties, with fifteen different nations, were necessary to clothe Japan with her full rights. It seems that the number of foreigners residing in Japan, January 1, 1898, was only 10,531, while the number of Japanese residing in foreign countries was 58,785. Sixty per cent. of all the Japanese residing in other countries are subject to the jurisdiction of the United States, there being 27,354 in Hawaii, and 7,640 scattered through the several States. The foreigners residing in Japan are very largely engaged in business; and of the 1,076 Americans living there 879 are classed as "merchants and other professions" in the annual Japanese census. It is remarkable that of the 2,465 Japanese students residing abroad no less than 2,178 are in the United States. This turning to the United States for help in educational matters, and for merchandise which she is obliged to import, promises well for our future commercial relations with Japan.

Another Arctic Explorer Returns

Walter Wellman, formerly a well-known newspaper correspondent in Washington, made his first unsuccessful attempt to reach the North Pole in 1893. He left Tromsø again, June 26, 1898, to explore Franz Josef Land, and was reported, August 30, as having established a supply depot at or near Cape Flora (lat. 80). No word came from him again until his reported arrival at Tromsø on the 16th inst. Having wintered at Cape Tegethoff, Wellman and his party started north about the middle of February. They made good progress for a month, and then the disasters began. Wellman fell into a crevasse, and so seriously injured one of his legs that the party was compelled to return. He was dragged on a sledge for two hundred miles, and reached his abandoned winter quarters early in April. The steamer *Capella*, sent in search of them, arrived at Cape Tegethoff July 27, and brought them all back to Tromsø, with the exception of one man who died during the winter. On the 9th of August the *Capella* spoke the *Stella Polare* with the Duke of Abruzzi and his expedition bound north. Mr. Wellman found no trace of Andre, the missing aeronaut, but reports important discoveries. He is still unable to walk, and it is feared that he is permanently crippled.

Psychic Character of Apes

Professor R. L. Garner made a trip to the French Congo in 1892-'94, and another in 1895-'96, for the purpose of studying the means of communication used by the African apes. He is confirmed in his belief that these apes not only have a language of their own, but that it is possible for this language to be acquired by human beings. Indeed, he is of the opinion that it is possible to teach them to speak the language of man. A despatch from Cleveland, Ohio, announces that Mr. Garner is about to make a third trip to Africa for the purpose of investigating the psychic character of apes, and to try the experiment of teaching them human speech. A regular kindergarten course will be formu-

lated, and the appliances so successfully used in the teaching of feeble-minded children will be tested on the apes. The results of this novel undertaking will be awaited with much interest by many different classes of people.

Fall River's Proposed Trust

A New York firm, representing a syndicate, has offered \$22,672,000 for the capital stock of thirty of the Fall River mills, the par value of which is only \$17,893,000. These mills have 2,157,000 spindles, and as the cost for new mills is from \$12 to \$21 per spindle, it will be seen that from that point of view the offer is not extravagant. On the other hand, the price offered is from \$12 to \$25 higher than the quoted market prices. The promoters claim that it is possible to effect a saving of from \$1,200,000 to \$1,600,000 by the introduction of better methods of buying, selling and general management. These figures do not take into account the savings possible by reducing the salaries of the treasurers, some of whom, it is said, receive as much as \$15,000 a year. Naturally the promoters will not take any steps to antagonize local interests, and many of the present officers may be paid large salaries under the new management as a matter of business policy. Trusts are not usually regarded as beneficent institutions; but if this new competitor can accomplish half it promises, keep the mills running and pay fair wages, there is no doubt that New England will be greatly benefited.

Consumers of Sugar

In Italy, according to a German statistician, the average annual consumption of sugar is six and one-fourth pounds per capita; in Turkey it is a little more than seven pounds; in Germany and France it is a little over thirty; in the United States it is fifty-nine and one-half; and in England it is ninety-one. The total estimated consumption of sugar in the United States is about 4,400,000,000 pounds, and in Great Britain about 3,600,000,000 pounds. Including Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippines, we raise about 1,446,241,000 pounds a year. It will be seen that we are large buyers of sugar in the markets of the world, and the United States is the best consumer known to the sugar factors. The annual production of sugar is said to be in the neighborhood of 7,850,000 tons, of which 3,050,000 is made from cane and the rest from beets. More than half of the sugar produced in the world is eaten in the United States and Great Britain.

Pobedenostzev and Finland

The Czar has not promulgated the new military law which removes the last national right of the Finnish people, but there is little doubt that he will finally give his consent. The steps by which Finland ceased to exist as a self-governing principality have been marked out by the Pan Slavist party, of which M. Pobedenostzev, procurator general of the Holy Synod, is the principal leader. The theory of this party is that ignorance is the chief contributor to na-

tional happiness and prosperity, and that Western views of life are heresies of the worst type. Naturally the Finns are not in favor with Pobedenostzev and his following. In a regiment of Finnish soldiers there may possibly be found half a dozen illiterates; in most of the Russian regiments there will be found at least a hundred times as many. The pressure that has been brought to bear on the Czar has been strong enough to dismay the stoutest-hearted Romanoff that ever sat upon the throne; it is quite too much for a man of the type of Nicholas II. Liberal as he is, and fully cognizant of the rights guaranteed the Finns, he is too good a man to violate his oath and suppress the constitution of these loyal subjects, except under most extraordinary pressure. That he has yielded, or is apparently about to yield, is proof positive of the power behind the throne which the Czar himself dare not oppose beyond a certain point.

Punishing the Less Guilty

The jury has decided that the fatal accident on the Shelton Street Railway, near Bridgeport, Conn., by which thirty passengers were killed, was due to the criminal carelessness of the motorman and the negligence of the company. The condition of the track near the bridge was unsafe, and the motorman did not slow down as he should have done. He will probably be punished, and the company will pay a fine in the shape of smaller dividends. The verdict is undoubtedly in accordance with the law and the evidence. It cannot be challenged on those grounds. The jury admits that the law is defective, and urges a special session of the legislature for the passage of laws requiring, among other things, the reduction of the number of working hours for motormen and conductors. This unfortunate motorman had his breakfast at 7:15 on that fatal Sunday morning. At 2:40 P. M., having been at work seven hours without food, and having traveled fifty-eight miles, he was refused time for dinner, and started out for another trip. Thus he was compelled to undertake to run his car eighty-seven miles, consuming eleven hours, without a mouthful of anything to eat. It is no great wonder that his nerves were in no condition to do his work, but it is a burning shame that such an outrage should be allowed by law or tolerated by the company.

Work on the Panama Canal

After the disastrous collapse of the De Lesseps Company, people very generally thought the Panama Canal was out of the question. It will surprise many to know that since 1894 a new organization has been quietly prosecuting the work along the lines originally laid down, and that at the present time one-fifth of the canal is actually completed. Estimates fix the value of the franchises and the property rights at \$92,000,000, and the cost of completing the work at \$98,836,100. If these estimates may be trusted, it will cost considerably less to complete this canal than to undertake to connect the two oceans by the Nicaragua route—perhaps not more than half as much. The company now at work cannot raise

the money, but it hopes to be able to continue until some government or syndicate will consent to step in and carry out its plans. The advantages to be gained by accepting this route are: all the engineering difficulties are known and can be overcome; it is only one-fourth as long as the Nicaragua route; there are splendid natural harbors at each end; a railroad runs along the line of the canal from ocean to ocean; the route lies wholly through the territory of a single nation; and the prevailing sentiment of the maritime nations of the world is in its favor. There are many obstacles to be overcome by any nation before it will be able to secure the franchise now held by the present operators; but if capitalists could be convinced that the canal would pay, there is not much doubt that the money would be forthcoming.

Schurman on the Filipinos

President Schurman of Cornell, who was appointed as the head of the Philippine Commission last January, has just returned to the United States. While he very properly declines to discuss matters relating to the work of the commission, he is quoted as expressing himself quite freely in Omaha in regard to the present condition of affairs. If he is reported correctly, he said that the present insurrection is not of the Filipinos, but of the Tagalogs, and that of the total population of 9,000,000 only about 1,500,000 of the inhabitants are in sympathy with it. The populous island of Negros is friendly, and the other islands are neutral. As to the Filipinos they are a desirable people. Two generations of the elevating and softening influences of education will bring them up to the level of the Japanese in most essentials. The Tagalogs have terrorized the other inhabitants up to this time, but once American rule is established, Tagalogs and all the other races will profit by it.

Afro-American Council

The Negroes who met in convention in Chicago last week had a stormy time, and much of the importance of the work done was lost by bitter personalities. For two distinct failures the friends of the Negro have reason to be grateful. The first was a well-planned attempt to censure President McKinley for his official indifference to the abominable outrages committed on Negroes by Southern mobs. The second was the attempt to discredit and denounce Booker T. Washington. There can be no doubt that some of the Negro preachers and politicians are jealous of Mr. Washington for the simple reason that he is so generally recognized as the wisest and safest leader of the race in America. He believes his work is along other lines than those preferred by his brethren who composed the convention, and he announces that he will continue to work on moral, educational and industrial lines, leaving the political lines for other reformers. He may possibly be wrong from the view point of many distinguished leaders of his race, for they are naturally impatient that so little is done to protect them in their constitutional rights; but

his work is too important and his convictions are too strong to justify any change on his part.

Alliance between Japan and China

It may be true, after all, that China has sought the assistance of Japan in the attempt to preserve her independence, although it is vigorously denied. There is good reason to believe that Russia has informed the Tsung-li Yamen (Chinese Foreign Office) that such an alliance would be an affront to Russia and would entail serious consequences for China. If this be true, then it is eminently probable that China and Japan have been considering the question of an alliance, if indeed they have not already secretly consummated it. The old Manchu party dreads the effect of Japanese influence on China, and the Empress Dowager has a wholesome fear of Russia. An alliance with Japan would give new life to China, but it would be a very dangerous undertaking for Japan.

Picquart and Dreyfus

The hero faced the martyr in the Dreyfus trial last week. For five hours Col. Picquart gave testimony in favor of the accused. Few witnesses before any court — few advocates, in fact — ever gave such a masterly summing up of a case. It was in marked contrast to the testimony of Gen. Roget, who arraigned the prisoner with tragic force, but who had nothing to offer except suspicion and innuendo. Picquart stated few facts not already known, but he stated them so cleverly and spoke so effectively that he must have made a very strong impression on the officers composing the court. When he had finished both Roget and Mercier jumped to their feet and asked to be allowed to confront him. The president recognized Roget, and Picquart answered all his questions without any hesitation, and sometimes to the confusion of the questioner. When Mercier came on he was forced into the confession that evidence practically known to be false was used to convict Dreyfus. Another strong witness was M. Bertulus, the investigating magistrate. In a sweet-toned voice he calmly told the terribly dramatic story of Dreyfus' conviction, and as he proceeded Mercier's face grew livid, whether with rage or fear is not yet known, but the testimony of these two witnesses certainly left him in a most unpleasant state of mind and a most unenviable position. The former court adjudged him guilty because they were convinced that their superior officers, who had better opportunities for knowing the facts than they themselves had, believed him guilty. It is possible that the present court may also find him guilty because of the feeling that his conviction is necessary for the protection of the army; but it is openly asserted that hints have been conveyed to the members that Dreyfus is to be adjudged innocent for the honor of France. Gen. Mercier predicts that Dreyfus will be found guilty within the next ten days. The chief justice of Great Britain, who is in Paris, is quoted as saying that up to this time the prosecution has not produced evidence sufficient to warrant a judge in holding a pris-

oner for trial. Paris had the usual demonstration last Sunday, a little more pronounced than was anticipated, but plainly indicative of the unreasoning hostility to "the Jew." At the present rate of progress the trial will consume all of this month.

Events Worth Noting

Admiral Dewey is in Villefranche, France, and has cabled that he will reach New York, Friday, Sept. 29, ready for the parade next morning.

President Kruger has replied to England, and it is said he has rejected the franchise proposal and offered other proposals instead.

The cotton crop for the present year is estimated at 12,000,000 bales, and the corn crop at 2,200,000,000 bushels. These estimates are unprecedented.

The steamer Evelyn has sailed from New York, and the Panther from Philadelphia, bound for Porto Rico with provisions and clothing for the hurricane sufferers. The loss of property is now estimated at \$75,000,000.

Thirty-one foreign Governments and 126 foreign chambers of commerce and other organizations of like character have accepted the invitation to be represented in the International Commercial Congress at Philadelphia, Oct. 10, in connection with the National Export Exposition.

The German scientist Bunsen is dead at the age of 88. The Bunsen battery, the development of the spectroscope which revolutionized the science of astronomy, and much useful knowledge of volcanic phenomena, are only a part of the contributions of this great man to the human family.

Gen. Wm. F. Butler, who is accused of too much sympathy with the Boers, will be relieved as commander-in-chief of the British troops in South Africa by Lieut.-Gen. Walker, who has already sailed for Cape Town.

The Prussians appear to have defied the Kaiser in refusing to accept the canal bill, and the resignation of the cabinet has given rise to many rumors. It is believed that in the next elections the Government will meet with fierce opposition.

Great Britain and Spain are taking energetic precautionary measures to prevent the spread of the bubonic plague. The commerce of Oporto is said to have suffered a loss of \$500,000 by its appearance there.

The City of Sidney has sailed for Manila with recruits for the regiments there and 362 marines. Three of the new volunteer regiments have been ordered to San Francisco en route to Manila.

Japan has promulgated a new law placing Pagan and Christian sects under the absolute control of the local governor. No temple, church, or any building for religious purposes can be erected until its supporters have placed before the governor a full statement of the purposes of the building, the name of the pastor, and all necessary information relating to the site, structure, and various other particulars.

NEED OF POWER

NEVER had the church such need of power. Never as now were there such possibilities in the use of power. The political and the intellectual world are acknowledging the right and righteousness of Christianity. The right to rule is conceded to justice, the divine authority of truth is confessed. Every gateway of mankind is open, every people awaits the coming of the fruits of Christianity. In every department of life and action the law of right is recognized.

Never was there so much call for work, in so many fields, for such noble purposes. The world waits for the work of the church in individual, social, and world-wide human life. The organized church has only the aggregate of the Christian force of individual souls. The church power is but the sum total of the members' power. Christianity will enter all fields in proportion as its members apprehend and possess power. Every Christian, then, needs to pray for the fullness of the Spirit of Christ — for the energy which conquers personal life, drives out vice, and overcomes evil. He must have an aggressive power against all evil, a constructive power for building up virtue and organizing and directing holy energy. "Be filled with the Spirit," is imperative. The church must be beside herself for Christ.

It is an age of rapid progress, of sudden transition. We no longer walk; we run. Steam is already too slow; we harness to the forces of electricity, and seek the speed of light and thought. Christianity must keep up, must have no lack of power. Theory will not do, philosophy will not do. Never was there a time when men so much needed to be men — so big, so strong, so wise, so consecrate, so in union with God, so energized by divine power, so filled with divine love, so masterful as against the world. Spiritual truth must be more real than ever. Men must talk with God, live with Him, listen to Him, hear, understand, and obey Him. The twentieth century is near.

WILLIAM BUTLER TRANSLATED

WORLD-WIDE Methodism is in mourning. Our Greatheart has been "called home." From beside the sea at Old Orchard, whither he had gone for a change and rest with his beloved wife and daughter, Miss Clementina, William Butler heard the heavenly summons, and after lingering a few days in unconsciousness, went to receive his nobly-earned "Well done!" on Friday, Aug. 18.

Rev. William Butler, D. D., was born in the city of Dublin, Ireland, on the 30th day of January, 1818. Until his twentieth year he was a High Church Episcopalian, and honestly and zealously shared the exclusiveness of that sect towards all other ecclesiastical bodies. At the age of twenty years he was brought to a saving knowledge of Christ through the testimony and teachings of a lady — herself an Episcopalian — who had found "the more excellent way" under the Methodists. A few weeks after his

conversion he began to call sinners to repentance, and in the year 1839 preached his first sermon in St. John's Market in Liverpool. Such was the unction attending that effort, that thereafter neither he, nor probably any of his brethren conversant with him, doubted his call to the Christian ministry. With characteristic straightforwardness he entered at once upon the best preparation practicable for his life-work. He marked out for himself a three years' course of reading and study and entered Didsbury College near Manchester, England, that he might complete a course of theology under the venerable Dr. Hannah. Here, pursuant to a prescribed plan for students, he preached in the surrounding circuits, frequently walking fifteen or twenty miles on the Sabbath and preaching three times, the afternoon sermon being usually in the open air. In the year 1844 he left the college and was received on trial in the Irish Wesleyan Conference. Six years later he removed to the United States and became a member of the New England Conference in the year 1850. He was stationed in 1850 at Williamsburg; '51, '52, at Shelburne Falls; '53 at Westfield; '54, '55, at Lynn, Common Street. During these pastorates he became "powerfully impressed with the adaptation of American Methodism for world-wide mission work." In the year 1852 he published the "Compendium of Missions," which for several years was the leading authority on that great theme. It did much to awaken the missionary spirit throughout all the evangelical churches in the country. His services were soon in great demand for missionary sermons and addresses. And so conspicuous for missionary zeal and ability had this young preacher now become, that Harvey Newcomb, on projecting his "Cyclopedia of Missions," selected him to write the articles on "Methodist Missions on Both Sides of the Atlantic." About one-third of that large volume is from his pen.

In the meantime the church was turning her attention to India as a place to found another mission. Whom she should send out for this work was a question of deep solicitude. He must be a man of comprehensive mental range, of rare courage and faith, and withal of courtly bearing to command the deference of the high English officials of that land. Public sentiment gravitated towards William Butler, and when his appointment to the great undertaking was announced, it carried a unanimous verdict in its favor. He was charged with the grave duty of selecting, when he should arrive in that country, the district where the Methodist Episcopal Church should begin her great mission work. This responsibility he prayerfully met, and the church has never had occasion to question the wisdom of his decision. He received his appointment in the year 1856, and with his family reached the Gangetic Valley just in time to provide for himself a home, when the terrible Sepoy rebellion suddenly rose around him, in which fourteen missionaries with their families and fifteen hundred other Christians were massacred in 1857. For six months no news came, and the church remained in almost hopeless anx-

ity for her beloved Butler and his devoted family. Then came the joyful tidings that they had been able to escape — though in the light of their burning home — to the mountains, where they were safe from the bloody Sepoys, who had marked them as their victims.

In a few months they were permitted to return to Bareilly and commence the work for which they had crossed the seas and upon which the eyes of the church were fixed with profound interest. On the organization of the mission into a Conference by Bishop Thomson in 1864, Dr. Butler was relieved and returned home for the restoration of his health.

In 1866-'67 he was stationed at Walnut St., Chelsea, and in '68 at Dorchester St., South Boston. In 1869 he was elected to succeed Dr. Hiram Mattison as secretary of the American and Foreign Christian Union. Three years later, in 1872, he was selected by Bishop Simpson to found the missions in Mexico. Here he labored seven years in laying the foundation of what is now one of our noblest foreign missions. Then returning home by reason of ill health, he afterwards served one term of three years in the pastorate at Melrose, and then, by the noble generosity of friends, was permitted to revisit India in 1883-'84. For the three following years he was called to assist Secretary McCabe in his successful effort to bring the church up to the "million-dollar line," and then by the continued kindness of friends was permitted to revisit his former work in Mexico.

On returning from his labors in India he published the "Land of the Veda" — a thrilling narrative of his experience in laying the foundation of our mission there and a graphic description of the civic, social and religious state of the country. The book has passed through its eighth edition. He improved the opportunity afforded him by his second visit to India to write his "From Boston to Bareilly and Back" — a book of delightful reminiscences.

While in Mexico he had a rare opportunity for consulting original documents relating to the origin and growth of Romanism in that land, and his last years have been spent in writing a history of the introduction and progress of Protestant Christianity in Mexico.

Such, in brief, is the record of Dr. William Butler — a record which could only have been made by one of the strongest men and noblest heroes of the church. It ranks him among the first of the pioneer missionaries of Methodism. So completely had he mastered the subject of universal missions that he was not only at home in every phase of it, but to his clear vision the whole world resolved itself as into a providential panorama ever moving before him and evolving more and more fully the one great plan of the Almighty for the evangelization of the nations. This gave to him a sustained enthusiasm and kept at a white heat his masterful power of appeal. As a preacher and platform speaker he had few superiors. Thoroughly biblical and deeply experimental, fertile in resources, abounding in apt and chaste illustrations, with the mag-

netism of his warm heart, commanding presence and graceful style, he easily held his audiences in rapt attention. As a conversationalist he was ever entertaining, serious though always cheerful, but never losing the dignity of the true gentleman and Christian minister. His love of his friends and enjoyment in them knew no bounds. His delicate appreciation of every favor made his great heart a fountain of gratitude. Simple as a child, incapable of envy or jealousy, he seemed to dwell perpetually in the sunlight of confiding love.

In a high sense he was the property of the whole church by his leadership in her evangelizing movements; but he was peculiarly dear to the New England Conference. It welcomed him with open arms when, a young man, he came from the land of Philip Embury, Barbara Heck, and the scholarly McOlin-tock. It was deeply impressed by his lofty consecration to his one great calling, it honored him for his rare talents and high career, and loved him for his warm and generous sympathies. Its devotion to him was even commented upon as over-fondness. But who would now say that he has not fully justified the high estimate in which he was held by his Conference?

His piety was apostolic. Grounded firmly upon the atonement of Christ and glowing steadily in the light of the "witness of the Spirit," it imparted to his character the saintliness and fervor of a Fletcher. In his public prayers he seemed a Moses talking face to face with God.

It is not easy for the pen to do justice to the quiet beauty of his last years when compelled by ill health to retire from his public labors. Through a complication of chronic diseases his sufferings were at times very severe, but were borne by him with uniform fortitude and submission. In the bosom of his family, where the most tender and unremitting attention was given day and night to his wants, he was keenly alive to the goodness of his Heavenly Father, and singularly buoyant.

Dr. Butler was a benediction to the church in Newton Centre with which his family are connected—by his kindly bearing, his genial greetings, habitual attendance on the means of grace as far as his health would admit (being trundled to church on the Sabbath in a wheel chair when he had not sufficient strength to walk), by his refreshing testimony in the prayer and class-meeting, and his exhortations and uplifting prayers. Over the church and its pastors he threw incessantly the golden light of his setting sun.

We Protestants are reticent and often shamed in conversation about our personal religious life. We want our private devotions to be literally in secret, and often hesitate to kneel in prayer in the presence of others, while the Roman Catholic tells his beads and mutters his pater noster regardless of listeners. Methodists, who declare, if not boast, a positive spiritual life, are not better than others in this respect. They tell of personal experience freely in class-meeting, but are silent about it in private conversation. It is not certain that the most talkative man is most holy—there

may be much of cant in loudest professions—but the devout Christian should find the habit of religious profession a means of great usefulness. To be able readily to turn conversation to religious subjects is partly the result of habit; but good habit is largely the result of thought and practice. Speech must follow the current of the mind. Happy is the Christian, thrice happy the minister, who is able, without jar or break, to turn pleasant conversation into the channels of holy experience, so that the young and inexperienced will listen and share in it, interested and unembarrassed. "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another."

PERSONALS

— Bishop Goodsell has been chosen one of the university preachers of Cornell University.

— Rev. C. H. Yatman, who has been making an evangelical tour of the world, has returned to this country.

— Dr. F. J. Masters, of San Francisco, Cal., who has been spending some weeks in England visiting his relatives, has returned.

— Rev. Charles L. Boyard, pastor of First Church, La Porte, Ind., has been transferred to Montana Conference and stationed at St. Paul's, Helena.

— Rev. Dr. A. H. Briggs, of the Iliff School of Theology, Denver, Colo., and his wife have returned to this country after two years of study abroad.

— Lieutenant Paul Hurst, of the Third United States Infantry, son of Bishop Hurst, sailed on the transport "Morgan City" from San Francisco for Manila, Aug. 11.

— The many friends of Mrs. Eaton, wife of Rev. Dr. G. F. Eaton, will be greatly pained to learn that she is seriously ill at their home, 118 Oxford St., North Cambridge.

— Mr. Ira M. Miller, oldest son of Hon. Lewis Miller, deceased, has been elected a trustee of Chautauqua Assembly to fill the vacancy occasioned by his father's death.

— Rev. W. R. Newhall, D. D., principal of Wesleyan Academy, Wilbraham, will preach at the Methodist Church, Bow St., Union Square, Somerville, on Sunday morning, Aug. 27.

— The *Central Christian Advocate* adorns the cover of its last issue with an excellent portrait of Rev. DeWitt Clinton Huntington, D. D., chancellor of Nebraska Wesleyan University.

— The *Central* of last week says: "Governor Shaw, of Iowa, was one of the speakers at the Epworth League Assembly at Colfax, Iowa, last week, in a joint debate with Gen. J. B. Weaver on the Philippine question. The Governor advocated the expansion policy with great earnestness."

— The *California Advocate* says: "Rev. Dr. E. S. Tipple, of St. James Church, Madison Avenue, New York, preached at First Church, Los Angeles, on a recent Sunday. He and his wife are the guests of a Southern Pacific official, and came across the continent in a private car. The itinerary includes the Yosemite, which they have already visited; also Alaska and the Yellowstone, which they are to visit."

— We learn from the *New York Christian Advocate* that "Bishop Andrews' birthday and the forty-eighth anniversary of his marriage occurred on Monday, August 7. The guests of the Cliff House, Lake Minnewaska, N. Y., where the Bishop and Mrs. Andrews are spending the month, celebrated the occasion by a musical entertainment, at the close of which a huge cake, appropriately

inscribed, was presented to the Bishop. He graciously acknowledged the compliment, and, with his wife, received the congratulations of the company."

— Dr. D. R. Lowrie, pastor of Market St. Church, Paterson, N. J., and chairman of the Japan and Korea committee in the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society, died at Mount Tabor, N. J., Aug. 17.

— By the will of the late Joseph Anthony, of Washington, the Methodist Home of the District of Columbia receives between \$20,000 and \$25,000. Mr. Anthony was not a member of our church, but his wife was, having been connected with Wesley Chapel.

— The *Kent's Hill Breeze* for June—a copy of which we do not remember to have seen until last week—contains a very fine tribute to the late Rev. Dr. A. F. Chase by Rev. C. A. Littlefield. There is, also, a very fine, life-like portrait of the deceased.

— Rev. Floyd Earl Fuller, a son of Rev. M. D. Fuller, of Oswego, N. Y., died in Chicago, July 30, at the age of 29, at the residence of his father-in-law, Mr. James Parker. The young man was a member of St. John's River Conference, a graduate of Grant University, Athens, Tenn.

— Rev. Ambrie Field, of Centerville, R. I., is unanimously elected, by the board of directors of East Greenwich Academy, principal of the institution, and has signified his acceptance. He will at once assume the duties of the office. The selection is wise and is heartily approved by the friends of the Academy.

— Rev. Jay C. Goodrich, who is under appointment by the American Bible Society as its agent in the Philippine Islands, was married, June 28, in Cleveland, Ohio, to Miss Mary C. Crook. Mr. Goodrich is a son of Rev. I. B. Goodrich of East Ohio Conference, and graduated last May from Drew Theological Seminary. He will soon proceed to Manila from New York to enter upon his important duties.

— Judge Oliver H. Horton, before leaving Chicago for his summer outing, left in charge of W. Ray Smith \$300 to be spent for car-fare by the various charitable and benevolent organizations that are giving outings and picnics for women and children during the heated season. No restriction was put upon the distribution of the street-car tickets purchased with this money, except that it be put in the hands of reputable organizations.

— At the home of the bride's parents in St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt., on Wednesday, Aug. 16, Miss Carrie Susan Donaldson was united in marriage with Mr. William James Strong, the ceremony being performed by the father of the bride, Rev. Sylvester Donaldson, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Mrs. Strong is a graduate of the music department of Montpelier Seminary, and was for a time instructor in music at Clark University, Atlanta, Ga. The warm wishes of many friends in various parts of the Vermont Conference will follow her to her new home in Vergennes, Vt., where Mr. Strong is successfully established in the insurance business.

— Rev. S. C. Keeler, of the New Hampshire Conference, being at Old Orchard, Me., contributes these interesting facts concerning Dr. Butler's last hours:—

"The Doctor had seemed to improve for a few days after his arrival at Old Orchard. On Thursday evening of last week he and Mrs. Butler entertained the guests, at their request, with reminiscences of their life and work in India, to the great delight of all persons and until nearly 11 o'clock. Sometimes, Dr. Kingsbury said, he would reach a point where his memory failed, and then he would appeal to Mrs. Butler saying, 'Dear, help me at this point.' Then again her memory would be at fault, and she would make a similar appeal to him for aid. This was, to the guests, touchingly pathetic, yet beautiful. The

end came gently to him, though not so to the family. He was sitting in his chair beside his wife waiting in the parlor, and glancing occasionally at the clock as the hands neared one, the hour for dinner. The hour came, and the signal was given. She looked at him and thought at first he had dropped asleep; and so he had, for he gave no sign of consciousness, and moved no part of his body except his hand, which he occasionally waved, until he ceased to breathe on Friday. He died of diabetic coma. He had suffered from diabetes for eight years."

—Drs. Louis Albert Banks, of Cleveland, and C. L. Goodell, of Brooklyn, were listened to on Sunday by their many friends in this city, the former at First Church, Temple St., and the latter at People's Temple.

—A very welcome call was made at this office, on Monday, by Rev. Geo. B. Smyth, D. D., president of the Anglo-Chinese College of Foochow, China. Dr. Smyth intends to spend some weeks in the White Mountains recuperating.

—Announcement is made of the death of Rev. Dr. Nathan J. Plumb, of Foochow, China, president of the Theological School and teacher in the Anglo-Chinese College; but we are without particulars. He entered the work in China in 1870.

—We learn from reliable sources that Miss Mabel C. Hartford is now in Foochow, having been called from her school work at Ku Cheng by the consul, Dr. S. L. Gracey, on account of rioting, and she will not be allowed to return for the present. She is not injured, therefore, nor in danger, as has been stated in the public press.

—Rev. H. A. Clifford, pastor of our church at Old Orchard, Me., supplies the following interesting facts concerning Dr. Butler's illness and death, in a note bearing date of Aug. 19: "That dear veteran missionary, Dr. William Butler, passed away last night at 10 P. M. He went from an ideal spot by the sea where he was surrounded by loving friends, his noble wife and daughters. He had been for some days at 'Minnie's Rest,' a home for missionaries erected by Mrs. Green of Baltimore in memory of a little daughter who wanted to 'take the tired from people.' Dr. Kingsbury, of Bulgaria, a Congregational missionary in the house, deserves mention for his great kindness in his last hours. Mrs. Butler is much prostrated. There was a brief service at Minnie's Rest at 11 A. M., on Saturday. Revs. Israel Luce and Geo. D. Lindsay read Scripture lessons, and brief remarks and prayer were made by Rev. H. A. Clifford."

BRIEFLETS

Dr. Butler's funeral is taking place at the church in Newton Centre as we go to press. A full report of the services will appear in the next issue.

There is no calm so deep and sweet and sure as the calm after storm.

We are gratified to learn that Rev. Dr. James Mudge's new volume entitled, "Honey from Many Hives," is having an unprecedentedly large sale.

Our readers will find the letter from "Novus" on the Wesleyan Conference of special interest.

To the ear of God the sound of the sea of humanity in cities, beating on the rocks of pitiless environment, is a grander and more significant and majestic music than the thunder of ocean waves on mighty cliffs.

Friendship, and even love, are often founded upon antagonism—that mild antagonism by which the qualities of one nature or

character supplement and modify those of another. Do not suffer yourself to be too easily repulsed by first impressions of any person. There may be rare potencies of mutual helpfulness and instruction and inspiration lying between you, which can be developed only by the contact and co-operation of your two natures.

It is only necessary to drop one little stitch of resolve in order to set character all unraveling.

Every door opens out of some smallness into some largeness.

Rev. W. I. Ward, pastor of Centre Church, Provincetown, writing from Camp Passaconaway, Birch Island, Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H., Aug. 20, says: "Your editorial treatment of the case of Secretary Schell in the HERALD of week before last, surprised, grieved and amazed me. I hoped you were mistaken. But I have information that the facts as you state them are entirely correct. In exposing Dr. Schell's 'serious official wrong' and demanding his resignation, you have done the church and the Epworth League good service. You are, in my judgment, right in the position you have taken, and I rejoice that you have spoken out boldly and clearly. The church cannot receive any hurt so serious as that involved in covering up a wrong."

The edition of the HERALD of Aug. 9 was exhausted several days ago, and yet our mail continues to be burdened with orders for it. If any of our regular readers are willing to part with their number and will forward it at once to this office, we could supply, in part, the demand for it, and thus help on the cause of righteousness in the church.

The fourth and last of Prof. Borden P. Bowne's contributions upon the Atonement appears in this issue. Not a single criticism upon these instructive and luminous papers has been received from any reader, but exalted praise from many. To the inquiry whether they will appear in book form, we can only reply that we shall strongly advise the author to bring them out in more permanent shape.

The *Epworth Era*, the excellent official organ of the Epworth League of our sister church, thus frankly comments upon our recent criticism of a Southern white woman's representation of the Negro race: "Dr. Parkhurst, of ZION'S HERALD, writes a very just and sensible criticism of 'a white woman's' foolish analysis of the Southern race and social troubles. This white sister may be in the South, but she is assuredly not of the South."

As it is impossible for the editor to reply personally to the letters which he is receiving from all parts of the church in approbation of the exposure of the Schell corruption, he takes this occasion to express his grateful appreciation. Our confidence in the integrity of our great church at large is thereby happily and forcefully confirmed.

There is as much spiritual danger from defective sympathy, which is the life-current of love, as there is physical danger from defective circulation of the blood.

The *Advance* of last week contains this noteworthy paragraph: "It is not often that religious converts are quoted in the market, but the *Baptist Missionary Magazine* estimates from a comparison of church statistics that Methodist converts cost \$42 08 apiece, Baptists \$47.52, while Congregationalists and Presbyterians come high, averaging respectively \$176 and \$232 each."

Not all hearing is with the ear. The voices with which God speaks, when His message to man is profoundest and most significant, appeal to no physical sense, though they may sometimes reach us through suggestions from the physical world. But let it be remembered that this is only one, and perhaps the least important, of their avenues.

Among the unexpected, undreamed-of rewards of that day when the Lord shall say "Well done!" to His faithful ones, may we not reverently anticipate a blessing upon the saintly faces which, refined and sweetened by consecrated character, have been a constant gospel and inspiration to men wherever they have moved among them?

As our lives become broader, new capacities are developed in us, both for seeing and doing. One of the greatest satisfactions of going out to all men in sympathy and service is the enlargement of the personal life. Such giving is like seed-sowing—it rewards the sower an hundred-fold.

Secretary Schell changes his base of defense so rapidly that it is not easy, at this distance, to keep up with him. When he thought it would be most effective, he confessed his great wrong and promised amends for the future; and to make this impressive, it was given out that he had restored the ill-gotten royalty—as we reported in a former issue. We are reliably informed, as we go to press, that the general secretary ultimately concluded that it would be better to deny all guilt and to continue to claim the royalty, as he stated in the interview published in the *Chicago Record*, referred to at length elsewhere. But the inner history proves to be that he gave a note to Excell for the amount when he expected to play the role of a penitent, but withdrew it when he decided to pose as still unrepentant and defiant.

A man may sometimes think that he is standing alone, but in truth no man ever stands alone. If he stands, bravely, for right and principle, God is with him, though there be none other. If he stands for wrongness and baseness, alas! there is always plenty of company.

We knew of a church which admonished its pastor that he must be "more impressive in prayer." As if potency in prayer were a matter of intention or will! One might as reasonably expect a minister to alter the shape of his nose.

Dr. Haven and the Board of Control

WITHIN a few days, a statement made to several ministers and laymen by Rev. William I. Haven, D. D., has come directly to me, which is so incorrect as to facts as I know them, that I feel compelled to publicly refute it. The statement (presumably made in good faith from Dr. Haven's standpoint) is that Dr. Parkhurst wrote to him requesting him to prepare a report of the proceedings of the Board of Control at Indianapolis, and then refused to publish it. The facts are as follows: Midweek the editor said to me: "I have asked Dr. Haven to report the Board of Control meeting. Be sure and leave ample space." On Friday afternoon Dr. Parkhurst left the office to spend Sunday at Hedding. The last word he said was: "Don't forget to leave plenty of room for Board of Control meeting. And print it exactly as written." He even came back from the elevator to say: "Even if the report doesn't come till Tuesday, be sure and insert it, though you should be obliged to hold the paper over for an hour or

two." When I opened the mail on Saturday morning I turned the letters over rapidly to see if the report had come, and immediately opened the envelope bearing Dr. Haven's writing, to find only a private letter to Dr. Parkhurst dated Young's Hotel, Boston, July 28, and a cutting from the *Indianapolis News*. These, with other letters, I sent off to Hedding on Saturday noon by messenger. When Dr. Parkhurst returned to the office on Monday, the first question he asked was: "Is Haven's report set up?" "There was no report," I answered; "only what I sent you." "Why, how strange!" he exclaimed. "I expected a report written by him, not a paragraph from a daily paper."

Dr. Haven's accusation that Dr. Parkhurst refused to print a report that he wrote and forwarded forces me to the conclusion that he must have intended for publication the letter I deemed private. That letter the editor would be willing to print even now if it would gratify him. But if Mr. Haven did write a regular report, as he stoutly affirms, he certainly forgot to enclose it, as I opened the letter and can vouch for its contents. The simple reason, therefore, that the editor did not print any report of the Board of Control meeting is that Dr. Haven failed to furnish it.

ADELAIDE S. SEAVENS,
Office Editor.

SECRETARY SCHELL'S DEFENCE

WHEN there is no defence, abuse the plaintiff's attorney. If this won't work, raise a dust and obscure the matter at issue. This familiar policy of guilt is being industriously followed by Secretary Schell and his friends or accomplices. One Chicago paper has it from that well-known character, the "prominent official" who "knows the inside of the case," etc., that "Dr. Schell has enemies in the East," of whom the editor of *ZION'S HERALD* is one; and this is offered as an explanation of the "attack" on him. A special from Chicago to the *New York Times*, repeated in fuller form in the *Chicago Record*, contains the following:—

"Concerning the charges Dr. Schell said: 'It is all a lie that I have done anything about this book unbecoming a gentleman or a Methodist preacher. It is all a lie that I made abject confessions before the Board of Control in Indianapolis, and that the Board of Control required me to resign. The whole article in *ZION'S HERALD* about me is a lie.'"

The "prominent official" abuses the plaintiff's attorney. The Chicago special "raises a dust."

A curious thing about these denials, seemingly so specific and sweeping, is that they do not touch the main facts, and really do not deny. The first denial is "about this book," whereas it is quite irrelevant unless understood to mean "about this whole matter, secret contract and all." The second denial is of "abject confessions before the Board of Control," which is easily understood to mean the denial of any confession. But the minutes of the Board speak of a "frank confession," of a "serious official wrong," and a promise "to avoid all occasion for further offence." Whatever the intended range of this denial may have been, it leaves a very false impression. Besides, the denials and confessions and retractions to which we have referred took place long before the Board of Control met. The third denial

is that the Board of Control requested him to resign. This again has a verbal truth in it, but does not bring out the fact that seven members of the Board did demand his resignation for the "serious official wrong."

In the *Chicago Record* interview Secretary Schell goes on to claim that he has done no wrong whatever concerning "the book," and speaks so jauntily and so shiftily withal that we are quite at a loss to know where the "serious official wrong" comes in at all until we note the peculiar ambiguity of phrase, the careful sticking to "the book," and the equally careful avoidance of mention of the secret contract.

But these denials and insinuations do not touch the main facts. The question whether anything has been done "unbecoming a gentleman and Methodist preacher" depends on the main facts. The question whether Secretary Schell has enemies in the East or elsewhere is irrelevant to the main facts. If these facts stand, no other explanation of the "attack" is needed than the enmity which every honest man feels for knavery and falsehood. For the sake of keeping the issue clear and unclouded, we recite once more the essential facts of the case.

First, there is no denying that Secretary Schell used his official position for his own illicit financial profit. "What am I to get out of it?" is a question we are accustomed to associate with unfaithful domestics of the lowest class, and with "practical politicians" of the Tammany stripe. Secretary Schell arranged beforehand by secret contract what he was "to get out of it."

The Secretary says he didn't know it was wrong; and the Board of Control acquit him of "wrong intent." If we accept this confession, it implies a moral obtuseness amounting to moral imbecility. The thing which he has done is what no business man would tolerate in any employee. It is the thing against which in politics all the forces of honesty and righteousness unite in protest; and the Secretary didn't know it was wrong! Suppose our other editors and secretaries and book-agents should be detected in receiving "bonuses" and "commissions" and should plead that they didn't know it was wrong! We should soon begin to look about for men who did know it was wrong. For the wrong kind of addition is sure to result from division, especially from "division and silence."

But we cannot admit the plea. Secretary Schell did know it was wrong. Else, why the secrecy? Why the denial? Why, after confession had been forced, the request to be allowed to resign in silence lest he be ruined by the exposure? Men who are not conscious of wrongdoing, who have done nothing "unbecoming a gentleman or a Methodist preacher," do not act in this way. These are questions for Secretary Schell and his friends to consider. Not whether he has enemies in the East or elsewhere, but whether he has used his office in the spirit of a Tammany boodler; whether he lied about it, and then confessed it; whether he promised to resign on condition of secrecy and then refused

to carry out his agreement; whether, emboldened by the forbearance of the church, he now shamelessly proclaims that he has done nothing "unbecoming a gentleman and a Methodist preacher," and that our charges are all a lie. These are the matters to be cleared up; and no shuffle, or abuse, or imputation of motives, should be allowed to obscure them.

It remains to be seen whether the Methodist Episcopal Church will agree with Secretary Schell in his judgment of his case. In his own opinion he may have done nothing "unbecoming a gentleman and a Methodist preacher," but at all events he has used his official position for his private gain and he has lied about it repeatedly and with increasing shamelessness. Most of us regard this as "unbecoming a gentleman and a Methodist preacher." What may be the case with some Methodist Crokers who need ecclesiastical herchemen, we are not prepared to say; but we do believe that the Methodist Episcopal Church will regard this loathsome performance as "unbecoming a gentleman and a Methodist preacher." We are not ready yet for Methodist Tammanyism, no matter how much Pecksniffianunction may recommend it.

Only One Sentiment Here

REV. FREDERICK N. UPHAM.
Editor Epworth League Department of
ZION'S HERALD.

IT is that Dr. Schell should immediately step down and out. New England Methodists in general, and Epworth Leaguers in particular, declare that he has forfeited the confidence of the church, and, such is the nature of the case, he cannot regain it to the extent of having any further usefulness in his office. Henceforth he is and must be a *persona non grata* to his great constituency. It remains for him not simply to close his work, but to recognize the fact that it is closed. His sun is gone down while it is yet day. That's the appalling sadness of the fact, but it is true. A promising career is ended.

Dr. Schell's high station calls for one who can strongly and with trumpet voice call our Methodist young people to integrity of life and high ideals of character and service. Can he longer do this? Impossible.

The case, we think, ought to have been settled months ago. A bad matter has been made worse. Now we must not go on to the superlative in this disgraceful and unholy affair.

No need of rehearsing the intricacies of the involved chicanery. It borders on connivance to call such action an error. The church should not wait for any reversal of formal vote, by which Dr. Schell, if not vindicated, has been at least excused; but emphatically and persistently demand his immediate giving up of the office.

No spirit of persecution moves us in this. Unspeakably grieved are we for this brother's fall. No hard hitting at the Board of Control either is intended, though those good brethren have amazed us by their action.

This is our position, and we are confi-

dent it is occupied by the more than forty thousand Epworth Leaguers in the six New England Conferences. Brother Schell must at once retire!

Dr. Schell and Board of Control

IF any man ought to feel a sense of grateful obligation to a body of men to whom he is directly responsible, that feeling Dr. Schell ought to cherish towards the Board of Control. But it seems he does not. He is reported to be especially aggrieved on account of their finding at Indianapolis—that he was guilty of “serious official wrong”—and with the seven who put themselves on record as requesting his resignation because “of the injury done to the church by this error and which is likely to be done by his continuance in office.” The interview in the Chicago Record referred to above, we are informed, was fully approved by Dr. Schell upon reading it after its publication. In that interview he not only uses very chaste and forceful language concerning this paper, saying, “The whole article in ZION'S HERALD about me is a lie. All the rumors you hear reflecting on me are lies,” but he directly condemns the unanimous judgment of the Board of Control in convicting him of “serious official wrong,” stating: “It is all a lie that I have done anything about this book unbecoming a gentleman or a Methodist preacher.”

After such an emphatic utterance, should not the Board of Control hasten to modify its verdict and apologize to the injured and irate general secretary? He will never be satisfied with anything less. From this point the general secretary, in the interview in question, waxed decidedly defiant and independent. He says:—

“I do not intend to resign my office, I do not intend to stop booming the ‘Songs for Young People,’ I have not returned any money to Excell, and I do not mean to refuse to take more from him. If Excell owes me any more money I mean to have it. So you see I am not penitent at all, and do not mean to resign or reform, and that all the rumors you hear are lies.”

Will not the great Methodist Episcopal Church become enthusiastically appreciative of the leader of its young people who possesses such a keen sense of honor, such high principles and strong nerve? He then goes on in that famous interview to say that he can dispose of “this scandal” by calling attention to a single fact or two, and affirms:—

“I am not an editor of Epworth League publications. I defy any one to prove that editing is any part of my duties, or that the League has ever paid me one cent to do it.”

It would be well for the general secretary, before he speaks again so hastily, to consult the Discipline for 1896. We commend to his special attention Art. 5, under ¶339, which reads as follows:—

“The General Secretary shall be elected by the Board of Control, and shall be the executive officer of the League. He shall have charge of all correspondence, and shall keep the records of the League. He shall also be editor of Epworth League publications other than the Epworth Herald.”

He then proceeds to say that he did not make any confession of wrong-doing to the Board of Control in Indianapolis, and concludes: “I did not say I would return to Excell the \$1,000 I had received, nor did I promise to change my course in any way.”

Here we must hand the general secretary over to the Board of Control, which in its finding explicitly states: “He has since seen his error, frankly confessed it, and has promised to avoid all occasion for further offence.”

It seems, if the general secretary's last declaration is to be relied upon, that we have unintentionally done him an injustice. We

stated, as we were informed, that he had made restitution of the ill-gotten royalty; but in this interview he says that he has not, and that “If Excell owes me any more money I mean to have it.” Really, what is the relation of the Board of Control to its general secretary?

In the interest of truth and righteousness it is hoped that General Secretary Schell will continue the practice of being interviewed.

New England All Right

THE voluntary communication from Rev. Frederick N. Upham, editor of the Epworth League Department of this paper, published in another column, is an expression of the general and profound feeling of the Epworth League in New England. Mr. Upham's well-known high standing in the church and the League will give unusual significance to his views. But it is prophetic and unmistakable that while the editor, up to this writing, has received communications from all parts of the church in approval of his course—not one in criticism or censure—the expression of opinion in New England has been particularly comprehensive and unanimous in the declaration that General Secretary Schell must be forced, if need be, to resign his office.

As Others See It

AMONG the multitude of letters received, we can only make room for the following, as indicative of the unmistakable views expressed by all.

Rev. Wesley O. Holway, D. D., senior Chaplain U. S. Navy, writes in a private letter:—

“To me the whole thing was brand new, and—excessively painful. The Board of Control ought to be dealt with sharply. There is something rotten in the moral fibre of men who could condone an offence like that. In the Navy Schell would be tried by General Court Martial. The church ought to try him and suitably punish him.”

Prof. S. F. Upham, of Drew Theological Seminary, writing from Cottage City, says:—

“Your course in the Schell affair has my hearty approval. The action of the Board of Control is to me simply unaccountable. That good men, having no doubt the interests of the church at heart, could excuse a serious official wrong and continue the confessed wrong-doer in high official station, is almost unthinkable. Yet that is just what they have done. The Leagues should demand, in language strong and emphatic, Dr. Schell's immediate resignation.”

Hon. John Field, of Philadelphia, says:—

“The church at large is indebted to you for your exposure of Dr. Schell's transactions. Suppose the buyer in any large mercantile house was discovered by his principals in receiving a commission from the seller, what would be the result? Why, he would be immediately dismissed and branded as a dishonorable and dishonest man. His future would be blasted for life.”

Robert F. Raymond, Esq., attorney and counsellor-at-law, of New Bedford, writes:—

“I have been absent since the last of July and have just gotten hold of your issue of ZION'S HERALD laying bare the Schell matter. I leave town again today for Mountain Lake Park, Md., to be gone until Sept. 1. I cannot go, however, without thanking you for the position you have taken in exposing Schell. To my mind his wrong-doing is gross beyond condonation by the church. If he knew what he was doing, he was a knave; if he didn't know the nature of his act, he was a fool. In either case he is no man to lead our Methodist young people. By ordinary business standards his act constituted fraud. How much lower shall the church fix its standard? Now, if ever, we need clear-cut moral distinctions. I rejoice that the old HERALD will continue to stand for such so long as you are at the helm.”

Rev. Dr. Samuel M. Dick, of Mathewson Street Church, Providence, R. I., writes:—

“I have read with sadness the exposure of Secretary Schell, but I wish to congratulate the HERALD on the stand it has taken. It requires bitter medicine sometimes to cure bad maladies. I am less grieved at the action of Secretary Schell than I am at the action of the Board of Control which refused to ask for his resignation. There is a great tendency in our Methodism to condone evil in the church rather than allow a brother to be exposed and have the matter go through the secular press. It is a good thing to adjust all evils in the church without publicity if it can be done to the glory of God, but more care would be exercised in the church if men felt sure of exposure in evil-doing. I think your action in this matter will be of great benefit to the church. I hope the case will be pressed until the church is freed from blame in the matter. The church will bear no blame in this case if it adjusts it at once; but if the church tolerates such action, and frowns down criticism, it will do the church infinite harm. I think the members of the Board of Control who tried to suppress this action of the secretary and keep him in his present position have subjected the church to humiliation and themselves to severe criticism.”

Rev. W. T. Worth, of Auburndale, writes from Cottage City:—

“It is too bad that such a public exposure had to be made. But the fault is not yours; it is the sinner's fault. How implicitly he has been trusted, and how largely overpaid! He seems to have been devoured by greed. What a small price he has for the eternal loss of position and honor! Your brave and tender arraignment is almost universally and very heartily approved here. The majority of the Board of Control, in condoning the offence, have entered into partnership with the transgressor. The sharp indictment will not only be a useful lesson to the League, but it will stiffen the spinal column of the church on other moral questions as well as this; and such strengthening is greatly needed.”

Fred T. Pollard, of Newport, N. H., says:—

“I have just read your article in the HERALD regarding the wrong committed by Secretary Schell of the Epworth League, and wish to say that I, as one of the active members of Bishop Foster Chapter, No. 6792, of Newport, N. H., most heartily commend the stand which ZION'S HERALD has taken, and hope you will push the matter until Secretary Schell shall be removed. I am surprised that our Board of Control should condescend to let the matter drop as they have. Foster Chapter will surely condemn such action, I am sure.”

THE CASE OF DR. SCHELL

ALTHOUGH the Board of Control of the Epworth League has voted to retain Dr. Edwin A. Schell in office, ZION'S HERALD, the Boston Methodist publication, begs to differ. Mr. Schell has been convicted of fattening his fat salary of \$4,500 with an extra \$1,000 a year or more on percentages of book-royalties, which he, in virtue of his office, was able to deliver over to a Chicago publication. This was discovered, Schell's contract being brought to light and Excell's labeled “not to be opened until after my death” being opened considerably before the excellent Mr. Excell shuffles off the mortal coil. Dr. Schell's friends arise to declare that although the Doctor did wrong he didn't know it. This is the plea of the spoliator in politics as well as of the friends of Dr. Schell. The official who is guilty of trading with a contractor to pay him a percentage for the delivery of a contract ought to be in state prison. He has accepted money belonging to some one else. We could forgive Dr. Schell if he were unsophisticated on such subjects, but we should want him punished just the same. His example might otherwise tend to render Tammany politicians and their imitators even more obtuse on such subjects. ZION'S HERALD evidently is of the same opinion, for, while it seeks no reprisal on Dr. Schell, it does demand his resignation and the restitution of every dollar which he has made on such royalties. — *Lewiston (Me.) Journal*.

THE ENGLISH CONFERENCE

"NOVUS."

MORE than common importance attaches to the Conference when the order of rotation demands that it be held in London. The attendance is always larger, so many ministers living within the popular precincts of the London districts, and besides this there is necessarily an additional kudos associated with any body gathering at the heart of the empire. This last Conference, held in Wesley's Chapel, though it has not been marked by any epoch-making debate, for no question of first magnitude came before it, has profited by these distinguishing circumstances. It has reached a maximum in point of attendance, and has been more fully noted by the general press by reason of its accessibility.

The new president, Rev. F. W. Macdonald, was elected by 389 votes. The next three in order in the voting were Rev. T. Allen (121 votes), Rev. W. T. Davison, well-known to American Methodists and especially to readers of the HERALD (56), and Rev. Marshall Hartley, senior foreign missionary secretary (30). It is probable that the next few years will witness the election of all three of these to the chief office. Mr. Macdonald, the chosen, is a man who cannot fail to perpetuate the best traditions of the presidency. In following immediately on the heels of Rev. W. L. Watkinson and Rev. H. Price Hughes, his position is without doubt rendered the more difficult. They are men of accentuated individuality who were bound, as they did, to leave their mark on the presidency. Mr. Macdonald cannot be said to possess native force in the same degree. If he is not, to quote Emerson, "the product of seven generations of saints," he is the product of two precedent generations of Methodist preachers and inherits the very soul of Methodism. In common with his two immediate predecessors he possesses the saving grace of humor, not indeed Mr. Watkinson's now-and-then slightly acerbated kind, nor Mr. Hughes' more orthodox and pointed brand, but the lambent flame that plays over the commonplace, illuminating and redeeming it. His official address, while it did not exactly scintillate, was marked by this acceptable quality. He alluded to himself as bringing to the position "natural incapacity of a high order." Comparing himself with Mr. Hughes, he expressed the fear that could Mr. Hughes' energy by any chance be transferred to himself, the bolts and rivets of his constitution would hardly stand the strain. Again, too, he rallied Mr. Hughes, who has admitted ere now to aiming at capturing "the nobility and gentry" in the meshes of his West London Mission net. "I do not look forward," said Mr. Macdonald, "to the time when there will be any great number of dukes and duchesses in any congregation except yours" — turning at this point towards Mr. Hughes. These side-thrusts and many others equally well conceived, were hugely relished by the Conference, almost as pathetically eager as the House of Commons to welcome a little well-chosen banter. For the rest the address was practical and sane, devoid of sensation and remarkable for balance and appropriateness of epithet. It appealed in chief to the average circuit minister, who is after all the backbone of Methodism everywhere, and for whom, though he has himself spent his latter years partly as theological tutor at Handsworth College and more recently as one of the foreign missionary secretaries, Mr. Macdonald has special solicitude. This found expression in the address in his two main points which were, the importance of pastoral work and the need of raising the standard of public worship. The new president is a man of wide culture and exquisite taste, both of which find vent in a literary style chaste and scholarly without

being pedantic, and in a finished method of elocution wherein the *suaviter in modo* predominates. He is above all things graceful in attitude and expression, and stands in no danger of ever becoming popular in the worst sense of the word. From this, if by nothing else, he will be saved by his expository method in preaching. He is rarely anecdotal, hardly ever rhetorical, rather choosing to work out abstract doctrinal themes, not indeed in any dry-as-dust way, but in a way not calculated to curry favor with the groundlings. The average "hearer" pining for "points" does not in general appreciate the rippling smoothness of the academic. To each section its ministrant, and Mr. Macdonald's appeal is essentially to those blessed with educational advantages. I have alluded to his sense of humor, and at the risk of being accused of the Boswellism that Mr. Macdonald contrives to avoid, I am constrained to relate an anecdote of his earlier years which illustrates this. It is concerned with the time of his examination as a candidate for the ministry. In those days the question of smoking was considered important enough to prompt a catechism of the examinee. "Do you smoke?" asked the examiner. "I have smoked," replied the young man. "But do you smoke now?" the relentless catechist proceeded. "I have smoked before now occasionally," rejoined Mr. Macdonald, evasively. "I must ask you to reply to my question," said the examiner. "I am concerned with the present. Do you still smoke now?" "I am not smoking," was the ingenious answer.

As most anticipated, the great Order of Sessions question — that is to say, the matter of the regulation of the procedure of Conference — did not produce any new developments. The ex-president, Mr. Price Hughes, reported on the scheme arrived at by the committee, and defended it in so conciliatory a way as to admit of no opposition. Under the new arrangement the Representative Session, consisting of ministers and laymen, will meet first, and occupy about five days. Then the laymen will be at liberty to go home, and the Pastoral Session will meet, consisting of ministers only. This will occupy about twelve days. So that the entire Conference will be condensed into some seventeen days — a great saving of time. Moreover, ministers will not need to desert their circuits for more than one Sunday instead of two or three as the present system demands. Another great gain will be that the president will be nominated a year in advance of his election, so that he will have that period in which to prepare for his great office. Although it has usually been a settled affair who is to be president, there have been times when the issue of the voting has been doubtful. The new method will remove such a possibility. One of the surprises of the Conference was that Dr. Rigg seconded the adoption of the report moved by Mr. Hughes. Dr. Rigg was thought to be uncompromisingly hostile to change, but he has had the good sense to bow to the inevitable and crowned a graceful capitulation by seconding his old opponent's motion. Dr. Jenkins delivered a pathetic little speech in which, as one of the old school, he deplored the signs of the times. He had hoped, he said, that he and Dr. Rigg would have died together defending the ancient principles. But, alas! *tempora mutantur*. Dr. Jenkins could not add, with Dr. Rigg, *et nos mutantur in illis*. Now the committee's report will have to run the gauntlet of the district synods, where it is not likely to meet with serious opposition.

The theological colleges engaged the attention of Conference to a considerable extent. There are four of them in different

parts of England — Didsbury, Headingley, Handsworth, and Richmond. The suggestion was made at Conference that the staff of Didsbury College be reduced. Rev. Richard Green desires to resign, and it was considered by the Theological Institution committee a good opportunity to reduce expenses by not filling the appointment he has occupied of pastoral theology tutor and governor. This brought down some very severe criticism, especially from Dr. Randles and Professor Findlay, and in the end Conference was persuaded by those who pointed out how short-sighted a policy it would be to begrudge money for the training of ministers, not to submit to any such reduction. The whole question of the management of the colleges is to be faced soon, a committee having been appointed by Conference. One suggestion is to reconstruct and concentrate the institutions. Another is to sell two of the present colleges and in their place establish one at Oxford amid the halls of learning. From Rev. Peter Thompson comes the proposal to extend the term of residence at the colleges from three years to four, and no doubt this would make for greater efficiency. For many accepted ministerial candidates are poorly enough furnished with the trappings of education, even of a sound English elementary sort. Much of their time at college is necessarily spent in furnishing up secular subjects that ought not to require polishing. For the few who have already graduated in arts before going to the theological college, no doubt a three years' course is long enough. It may be that the solution will ultimately be found in a raising of the educational standard of admission.

The temperance question came before Conference in a very acute form. A resolution was proposed by Rev. Thomas Champness, committing Conference to the view that no Christian man should manufacture or sell intoxicating liquor. Dr. Stephenson and Rev. Charles Garrett opposed this, and it failed to be carried. A similar and even more drastic step was proposed by the Carlisle and Isle of Man synods. It was that nobody interested in the liquor trade should be permitted to hold office in the Methodist Church. This also met with the strongest opposition and was eventually rejected, not, however, before some speakers had expressed sympathy with the motive that prompted the suggestion. But with the opposition of men so firm on the temperance question as Revs. Price Hughes, Wm. Bradfield, Sam Chadwick and Peter Thompson to contend with, it was not likely the proposal could have much of a chance. It is probable that a majority of Methodist office-bearers are temperance men, but it would be anything but a wise policy to seek to legislate on the question. "Those interested in the liquor traffic" would necessarily include railway shareholders as well as growers of hops and holders of grocers' licenses. Certainly it would include a well-known Methodist who is chairman of a steamship company that carries alcoholic refreshment. Of course it is open to Methodists, by creating a public opinion, to prevent liquor-sellers from being elected to church offices, and this was the course recommended by most speakers.

Conference recommended that the establishment of a hostel for young Methodists, concerning which I wrote in my last, be left to private enterprise. It also begged a member not to press for the present the question of the establishment of a Methodist Home for inebriates. As for the proposal of the Whitby and Darlington synod, which seemed to have in it the possibility of a discussion on the "separated chairman" question, it was quietly dropped, the synod having been prevailed upon to alter its suggestion to a much less militant and interesting proposal. R. W. Peters, M. P., made a long speech reporting the progress of the Twentieth Century Fund.

SEA BREEZE

REV. EDWARD A. HAND.

How hot, how dead, this inland air
That breathes upon the town!
The very steam above the mill
So limp and loose hangs down.

All life sinks low in shop and home,
How droops each tired tree!
Oh, for the stir, the sweep, the strength,
Of breeze from off the sea!

Ha! ha! The wind is changing now!
On noiseless hinge swings round;
The white steam leaps like woolly flock
That gambols o'er the ground.

To all the sea brings heart and hope;
The pauper chafe of wealth;
The sick upon their beds thank God,
And laugh and plan for health.

How merry is that censer grave,
The curfew-bell at nine!
And cheerful is the monotone
Of sombre groves of pine.

At midnight, angels flying round,
A bit of news to tell,
Low answer with a sweet "Amen"
The watchman's, "All is well!"
Watertown, Mass.

THE ATONEMENT

IV

PROF. BORDEN P. BOWNE, LL. D.

THE sins of the world, then, may not be ignored; neither may they be taken away by mere sovereignty. The problem is a moral one, and must receive a moral solution. And the solution must be sought in accordance with God's fundamental purpose in our human world. That purpose is to have a family of spiritual children, made in His image and likeness, who shall know Him and love Him and upon whom He may bestow Himself in blessing forever and ever. And the method of procedure is that of growth and development. There are animal beginnings with moral endings. Love and law are omnipresent throughout the work; and judgment is possible only at the end. God's supreme aim is to secure the love and obedience and sympathy and filial confidence of His children. On the human side the response is slow. As in the earthly family, there is a long period of irresponsiveness, ignorance, willfulness, and even of rebellion. And as the earthly father bears with this, waits for development, and seeks by all the resources of love and correction and discipline to bring the child to the filial insight and the filial spirit, so the Heavenly Father bears with His children and seeks to bring them to a recognition of His presence and purpose in their lives and to a filial acceptance of, and co-operation with, His purpose. They must be recovered from their wilful and evil ways, from their distrust and alienation also, and given power to become the children of the Highest. Any work which did not secure this, which left men in their alienation and rebellion, might conceivably satisfy a fictitious justice; but it would never satisfy the Father's heart. To treat men as righteous when they are not righteous, would

involve the deepest depths of mental and moral confusion. The only effective atonement for sin must consist in salvation from sin and restoration to righteousness. Nothing else could satisfy God or man.

How, then, are the sins of the world to be taken away? This question in a forensic sense we dismiss altogether as being fictitious. In the practical sense the meaning is better expressed in another form: How are ignorant, weak, wilful, sinful men to be recovered from unrighteousness and developed into the life of God? This is the real problem for which we must seek a concrete moral solution. Mere power can do nothing. Mere volition is inadmissible. It is either a moral solution or none.

Here comes in the work of Christ as a necessary part of the work of grace. God's supreme resource must lie in the revelation of Himself. God must be revealed as a moral being and in such a way as to make forever sure both His love and His holiness and to furnish the supreme incentive to repentance and righteousness and love on the part of men. This is done by the incarnation of the divine Son who reveals the heart of the Father, not in word but in deed, so that God is manifest in the flesh for the salvation of men. And in the fullness of His devotion, the divine Son enters into human limitations, lives the perfect life before men, shows God's thought for men, comes into contact with our sin also, submits to its outrage and violence, and becomes obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Now two things are forever clear for all who receive this faith: first, that God will never depart from His moral laws in order to make men happy or to save men in their sins. They must be saved morally if saved at all. Secondly, the love and grace of God are set on high forever; and now every one that thirsteth may take of the water of life. This is the specific meaning of the Redeemer's work. It was not a fictitious haggling with abstract and fictitious justice. It was Infinite Love going forth to seek and to save the lost. It was the father of the prodigal going in search of his boy. It was the Good Shepherd giving his life for the sheep; not of course at the demand of justice, but at the instance of divine love.

Apart from the Christian revelation we should never have dreamed of such a work of grace. Our thought of God has been mainly determined by metaphysical considerations drawn from His absoluteness and infinitude; and our thought of His relations to us has been drawn mainly from political absolutism and earthly conceptions of greatness. By consequence, the ethical factor has been very imperfectly treated. Indeed, except for purposes of punishment, God has hardly been a moral being at all. Built on the Epicurean model and concerned especially for His own claims, God was little more than a magnified mediæval ruler or oriental despot. But now that the revelation has come, we see that something like this work of grace was a moral necessity with God. It was an awful responsibility that was taken when our human race was

launched with its fearful possibilities of good and evil. God thereby put Himself under infinite obligation to care for His human family; and reflections on His position as Creator and Ruler instead of removing, only make more manifest, this obligation. As long as we conceive God as sitting apart in supreme ease and self-satisfaction, He is not love at all, but only a reflex of our selfishness and vulgarity. As long as we conceive Him as bestowing blessing upon us out of His infinite fulness but at no real cost to Himself, He sinks below the moral heroes of our race. There is ever a higher thought possible until we see God taking the world upon His heart, entering into the fellowship of our sorrow, and becoming the supreme burden-bearer and the leader of all in self-sacrifice. Then only are the possibilities of grace and condescension and love and moral heroism filled up, so that nothing higher remains. And the work of Christ Himself, so far as it was an historical event, must be viewed not merely as a piece of history, but also as a manifestation of that cross which is hidden in the Divine love from the foundation of the world, and which is involved in the existence of the human world at all.

And is this all there is in the atonement? In reply we say we no longer care to use the word atonement, as it has become misleading or uncertain through long association with doubtful theological theories. But this is all there is in the work of Christ to which we can give articulate and tenable expression. If any one chooses, or feels a need for something more, it is open to him to say that there are back-lying mysteries in the Divine nature which transcend this view. To this we should have no objection, if we were allowed to add that they also transcend all the traditional views. These transcendental mysteries cannot be expressed in terms of the satisfaction and substitution theories without contradicting our moral reason. They cannot be expressed in terms of the governmental theory without impressing us with a sense of hocus-pocus. They must be left unexpressed, therefore, beyond the point to which the view set forth carries us. It must be noted, too, that this view has become practically the working view of the church, so far as it is alive. We have come to see that the important thing is to save men from sin, and we are sure that consequences will take care of themselves if this can be done. And in doing this we fall back on Christ's revelation of the Father, on His summons to repentance and discipleship and His promises of forgiveness and divine renewal.

And if one should say, "Well, if that is all, if the sole work of Christ was to reveal the Father and bring men to God, what need was there for His life and sufferings and death?" the answer would be: How otherwise would the Father be effectively and dynamically revealed? Love is poorly revealed in words; it demands deeds for its true revelation. No proclamation of words, though attended by never so many miracles, no writing spread across the sky, could make any such living revelation of God and His character as is made in

the incarnation and life of our Lord. And the revelation which He made derives its deep significance not from what He said, nor from what He did, but from what He was. The Incarnation is the central truth of Christianity. But instead of saying that this is all there is in the work of Christ, we should rather say, *all this is in the work of Christ*. And where, in earth or in heaven, is there anything great besides?

But where are our sins in the meantime? All that has been said at best seems to point only to the possibility of reformation and does not look to the atonement for our past sins; yet this is the most important matter of all. This difficulty is partly fictitious, and in so far results from considering the subject from an abstract forensic standpoint. The law claims our perfect obedience at all times, it is said; and hence no later obedience can possibly atone for earlier disobedience. This, then, must always remain against us on the books of justice. How artificial all this is appears when we apply it to the case of the family. The father of the prodigal son, for instance, did not, after the feast was over, distress himself about the debt of filial duty which remained unpaid. And we may be sure that the Father in heaven will not unduly concern Himself about the debt of the past when His prodigals return to their Father's house. To entertain such a notion is to leave the category of moral persons for that of things again. Love has no difficulty with the problem, and only love can solve it.

But still, we may say, there is a debt which remains even after forgiveness. This is true. Something indeed remains, but it is not well conceived as a debt to be paid in any commercial sense. It would be more exact to say that sinners, rather than sins, are forgiven. It is inverted and mechanical to fix our thought on the sin instead of the sinner. Nothing would be gained if all sins were forgiven and the evil will remained. This recalls our distinction between the moral displacement which must be visited upon the evil will and the natural consequences which result from its indulgence. The forgiveness of the sinner involves the removal of the former, but not of the latter. They are never forgiven so far as experience shows, and never ought to be forgiven. Of course they do not remain as a set of legal and forensic liabilities; but they remain as effects in a system of natural law. They can only be eliminated, as we have said, by bringing restorative influences into play. When the moral displacement of the Holy God is removed in the case of the repentant sinner, a great deal of work still remains to be done with reference to the past. And God presents Himself as ready to co-operate with the sinner in working out a better future which shall in some measure undo the past and cut off its entail of evil. The utmost we can hope for is that the system may be so ordered as to provide for our undoing and eliminating the wrong and mischief that have gone forth from us. And this we ought supremely to desire. What sort of a moral being

would he be who could rest content, even in Abraham's bosom, if he knew there were anywhere any one suffering a hard and bitter lot because of his evil-doing? And what sort of a moral being would he be whose deepest desire was not to have a chance anywhere and anyhow to remedy every evil which had gone forth from him? Any permissible doctrine of forgiveness must be construed in accordance with these considerations. Otherwise, forgiveness itself becomes immoral, and the desire for forgiveness becomes an expression of the most abject selfishness.

Am I, then, never to get clear of my past? That depends on the meaning. Through the grace and gracious help of God I may get clear of the sinful life and emerge into the life of the spirit. The healing and restoring resources of God are great, and thus I may hope at last to remove the scars and undo the evil. But that the past should be made non-existent, or memory blotted out, or the entail of consequences arbitrarily cut off, this is not to be hoped for because it ought not to be. We can make new departures, but we must start from where we are. We can begin again, but never at the beginning. The past always has a mortgage on the future. This is self-evident as soon as we transfer the problem from the realm of fictitious or abstract forensic claims to the concrete world of organic law and consequence. And as this is the real world we must adjust our theories and our hopes to it. Certainly, as we have said before, visible and experienced consequences are not forgiven; how, then, can we claim that any consequences will be forgiven, except in the sense of overcoming and eliminating them? Long, long regret must haunt many a forgiven soul; and there are sins against love and trust so dark and base that only the sight of Him of the pierced hands and the bleeding side persuades us they ever can be forgiven.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. All thought of literal substitution, satisfaction, payment of debt, is morally impossible. Forensic and governmental difficulties are fictitious. Abstractions throw no light upon the real problem. The venue must be changed from supposed enactments to natural laws; and from the evolutionary form of the moral life judgment must be put at the end and not at the beginning. Then every one goes to his own place, to the place which he has chosen, and for which he has fitted himself. In this matter also there can be no arbitrary volition. What the eternal moral reason prescribes, that is what must finally be. Some of the earlier theorists about justice were not so much wrong in their contention as to the inexorable demands of justice, as they were in ignoring the fact of development and putting the demand at the wrong end. Meanwhile God has revealed Himself in His Son as our Father, as bearing us upon His heart, and as supremely desirous of saving us from the sinful life which must end in death if persisted in, and recovering us to righteousness and the filial spirit. For this the divine Son has given Himself; for this the Holy Spirit came and comes;

and the work of both the Son and the Spirit roots in the Father's love. But in all this the aim is not to satisfy the demands of justice, nor yet to save men from penalty, but to save men from sinning, to lift them Godward, and to bring them to that spiritual attitude which will make it possible for God to bestow Himself upon them in infinite and eternal blessing. It is not a problem in forensic technicalities, but in moral and spiritual dynamics.

In this ethical and spiritual way the doctrine of the atonement is to be understood. With this understanding we may retain the traditional language as a mode of expression, or as much of it as is adapted to modern Christian thought, but we must not turn it into a theological theory. This is the letter that has killed and still killeth. We must also note that in the better view the divine love is not denied or diminished, but rather freed from obscuring misconceptions. Again, we must note that the way of life is the same it always has been. We must repent and forsake our sins and become the disciples of the Lord Jesus, if we would enter into life. He is still our Redeemer, and the way by which we come to God. Whatever mystery there may be in the Saviour's work, trust and discipleship are all that is needed for securing its benefits. Neither philosophy nor theology can save us. And hence, finally, we remind ourselves once more that our discussion does not concern the fact of the Saviour's work, but solely and only the theory. We may believe in the former without any theory whatever; and this is practically the case with most Christians. But if we are to have a theory it must commend itself to our moral reason — which is not the case with some traditional views.

Boston University.

NOT MAD

REV. A. B. LEONARD, D. D.

PERMIT me to respond to the questions propounded by Dr. Smyth, in the *HERALD* of Aug. 9: "Has the Missionary Society of our church gone mad?" somewhat as Paul responded to the charges of madness made against him by Festus: "No, not mad, most estimable brother, but holds on its way steadily, keeping in view the Master's command, Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Unfortunately for Dr. Smyth, he has spent his ammunition upon an imaginary object. Bishop Nide and Dr. Leonard did not report to the Board in favor of opening a mission immediately in Cuba. They simply reported on the situation as they saw it in that island, and recommended that the question of opening work be referred to the General Missionary Committee, which alone has power to open a mission in a foreign country.

They did, however, report in favor of opening work in Porto Rico at the earliest possible day, and the Board decided to do so as soon as money enough should be contributed for that special purpose. I am glad to say that the necessary funds are now in the treasury, and the Bishops

are looking for a man fitted for the superintendency. Porto Rico now belongs to the United States, and is therefore a domestic mission field, and has a special claim as such upon the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Missionary Society will not do less for China because it does something for Porto Rico. To suggest that the Board of Managers has "gone mad," that it is afflicted with "serious cerebral derangement," that it is capable of "unfaithfulness to the church" and "deserving the severest censure," and that a spirit of "foolish pride" is "taking hold upon our leaders," and all upon a purely imaginary basis, indicates that our beloved Brother Smyth has permitted the great needs of China to not only obscure his vision of the world field, but also to cause him to observe somewhat carelessly, I fear, the policy of the Missionary Society.

I would not in the least dull the point of Dr. Smyth's article concerning China. All he says about that great country as a mission field is true. I only desire to correct the error into which he unconsciously fell, and to suggest that the Missionary Society is neither "gone mad" nor afflicted with "cerebral derangement," but that it holds on its way with a calm, judicial temper and clearness of vision.

New York City.

THE NEED OF A HOLY PLACE IN LIFE

REV. DAVID GREGG, D. D.

JESUS says to each one of us, "Enter into thy closet!" That is, have a place in your life the atmosphere of which shall be so pure, and the surroundings so holy, that all things brought into it and analyzed in it shall be set forth in their true character, by their harmony or by their want of harmony with that place!

There is a wonderful power in a place. The play of the laws of association makes it a power. Bethel in the life of Jacob, the Burning Bush in the life of Moses, the Temple Court in the life of Isaiah, and the Damascus Road in the life of Paul, were places of power.

The Bible says that we can pack a place so full of life and reminiscences that the very beams and rafters of the place will speak to us, and act as voices helping us or hindering us; condemning and crushing us, or approving and inspiring us. The place in our home, in our store, in our shop, in our study, where we kneel for self-converse and God-converse, becomes in the course of time, through use and by the necessity of things, a mighty spiritual power in our lives. Our plans may get twisted and warped elsewhere, but not here. Duty may seem indistinct elsewhere, but not here. The low and the mean may get into our thoughts and purposes elsewhere, but not here. The atmosphere of this place and all things connected with it become charged and surcharged with conscience and with God. The moment we step over its threshold we are at our best. Our faith is strongest, our spiritual vision clearest, our conscience keenest, our reason unclouded, and our love ready to make its greatest sacrifices. We are in the mood to take God's side and to come to God's conclusions. Is not such a place a need in our lives?

Whenever we use a place properly, that place at once becomes a help to us. Whenever we abuse a place, that place becomes a hindrance to us. We inflict our character

upon the places in which we live. For example, a failure to do our duty renders the place where we fall distasteful and enervating. Let a student be idle in his study, and, by-and-by, every time he enters his study a reflex languor will come down upon him like stale smoke; and the very room will take its revenge upon him. But the student has it in his power to make his study a place of magnificent inspiration; to enter which means a new baptism of industry and success.

What we say of the study, we can say of the place of secret prayer, into which the Saviour bids us enter daily. We can so use it, so consecrate it, so keep it holy, so make it a part of our lives, so crowd it and recrowd it with the sublime and the spiritual, that the moment we enter it we shall feel ourselves filled with the spirit of supplication, awayed with aspirations for the high and noble, and able with comfort and perfect freedom to talk over everything pertaining to our life with God. I know of nothing more needed in our personal life than a Holy Place where we can meet God face to face, and where God can get into our thoughts, and into the deepest recesses of our hearts, and then out into our conversation and into our lives.

There are three blessed outcomes from having, and from rightly using, our Holy Place:

1. There will be a large entrance of God into our lives to live in us and to work through us.

God will come into our lives. Why? Because we have fulfilled the conditions which He requires and have put ourselves into right relations with Him. My fellow men, do not expect the blessings unless you fulfil the conditions. God can do nothing for prayerlessness; but God can do everything for prayerfulness. Meet the conditions of being blessed. Be prayerful.

Meeting the conditions; that is everything. If the crystal would possess and give forth the prismatic colors—if it would beautify itself with rainbow hues—it must meet the conditions required of prisms. Take a rough piece of glass, hew and shape it, and the moment you have made it a prism, that moment the light striking through it will, by the very operation of the laws of nature, give you a revelation of beauty you never dreamed was in the sunbeam. Even so, let a man by secret prayer and communion hew himself into a religious prism, "which has reason, conscience and self-surrender to God for its three sides, and the instant that posture of total, irreversible self-surrender is reached," God will flash through his human faculties the light of His glory, so that going about clothed with a holy and spiritual coat of many colors, he will be recognized by all who meet him as a favorite child of God.

2. There will be the distinct hearing of the voice of God on our part.

It is the voice of God that awakens conscience in man. An awakened conscience is what man perpetually needs. Without an awakened conscience he cannot search his motives. Now motives are the spring of life.

The noises of the world drown the voice of God. While on Broadway, New York, I have often heard the chimes of Trinity Church pour out their music at noonday. But I have noticed that very few of the busy crowds on the street followed the music. Too many sounds dispute with the chimes the possession of the ear. I have tried to follow the sacred song pealing through the air, but note after note was lost in the roar of the city, and in the noise and rattle of the wheels of commerce. The song was broken into a hundred unmeaning parts. There are hours, however, when the chimes in the Trinity steeple are heard in all their power

and emphasis without a break. These are the midnight hours of solitude. There is no difficulty in hearing and enjoying the anthems on Christmas night, or on that night each year when the bells ring out the old year and ring in the new. While busy and active on the Broadway of the world God's words fall on our ears, but because of business and pleasure they are heard only in a broken, fragmentary way; but in the secret closet, when pleasure and business are banished for the time, they fall in such a way that not a single syllable is lost.

3. We are kept constantly face to face with our highest ideals.

It is a good thing to come often into the presence of our best ideals and to canvass them. It results in self-excitation. It helps to inclose the plans of our life within the plans of God. It leads to self-mastery and to self-control. Mastery and self-control carry in them success. It leads to thinking, feeling, willing, working, in unison with the Infinite Will. It clarifies the intellect and warms the heart. It invigorates resolution and insures performance. It repels temptation and inspires goodness.

Here is a man about to enter upon the duties of the day! He has made his plans and is about to execute them. He is going to take advantage of the ignorance and weakness of his neighbor. He is going to wrong him both in estate and reputation—not in violation of the law, but in accordance with the law; i. e., according to its letter, not according to its spirit. The hour for secret devotion comes before he starts to business. He prays. He asks a blessing upon the day's duties and labors. He is now in the presence of the moralities of heaven; his own highest ideals stand out before him in celestial light. He hesitates. He pauses. Pray for hard-heartedness and deceit? Pray for aid from the Father to wrong His child? Never. Never. The scheme is abandoned and the stain on the whiteness of his soul is bleached out by instant repentance. The transaction seen in the light of God's countenance, and in the shew of one's own highest ideals, is changed from attractiveness to repulsiveness, from lawful barter to downright robbery.

"Among the elegant forms of insect life, there is a little creature, known to naturalists, which can gather around it a sufficiency of atmospheric air, and, so clothed upon, descend into the bottom of the pool. You may see the little diver moving about dry, and at ease, protected by his crystal vesture, though the water all around him be stagnant and bitter. Secret prayer is such a protector, a transparent vesture which the world sees not, but a real defence, keeping out the corruption of the world from a man's soul. By means of it the believer can gather around him so much of heaven's atmosphere that, while walking in the contaminating world for a season, he is safe from the world's pollution."

Perpetually clothed in a grand ideal! That is what we need, and it is at the throne of grace, during the season of secret daily prayer, that we robe ourselves anew in our grand ideal. This is what Christ did. Christ put on anew His grand ideal in the retirement of Gethsemane. Like Him we must frequently withdraw ourselves for prayer, and reclothe ourselves in our grand ideals. — *Christian Intelligencer*.

"Twas a buzz of questions on every side,
"And what have you seen? Do tell!" they cried.
The one with yawning made reply,
"What have we seen? Not much have I!
Trees, mountains, meadows, groves, and streams,
Blue sky, and clouds, and sunny gleams."
The other, smiling, said the same,
But with face transfigured, and eyes of flame:
"Trees, meadows, mountains, groves, and streams,
Blue sky, and clouds, and sunny gleams."

— *From the German*.

The Upper Room

Love that Passeth Knowledge

Higher than the highest heaven,
Deeper than the deepest hell,
Is God's love to guilty sinners,
Who, through disobedience, fell.
Why love them so?
I do not know;
But this I know:
Redeeming love, and it alone,
Can break a heart as hard as stone.

Purer than the purest fountain,
Wider than the widest sea,
Sweeter than the sweetest music,
Is God's love in Christ to me.
Why love me so?
I do not know;
I only know
That nothing less than love divine
Could save this sinful soul of mine.

Stronger than all evil powers
Is this fortress of our faith.
"Our life is hid with Christ in God,"
In Him we'll triumph over death.
Why love us so?
I do not know;
I only know
That for His boundless love to me
I'll praise Him through eternity.

— JAMES MCLEOD, in *New York Observer*.

Church Boarders

A FRIEND of mine told me once that when he went to a boarding-house he could always tell who the boarders were, for they never alluded to family matters, but sat down to the table and talked of outside affairs; but when the son came he would go into the sitting-room to see if there were letters, and inquire after the family, and show in many ways his interest in the household. It doesn't take five minutes to tell that he is not a boarder, and that the others are. And so it is with the church of God. You see these boarders in church every Sunday morning, but they don't take any interest; they come to criticise. And that is about all that constitutes a Christian nowadays. They are boarders in the house of God; and we have got too many boarders. — D. L. Moody.

Lacking Self-Control

"AND to knowledge add temperance." Temperance is self-control. Each one is in himself a whole army of faculties, thoughts, feelings, passions, purposes. The efficiency of an army depends on its power to maintain order and march together. The general must command and the ranks must obey, or it will go down in defeat. A man must keep all his powers in subordination and make them move together, or he will go to pieces. If one of his lower powers, such as appetite or anger, gets the better of him, he is gone. A man's power is in proportion to his self-control. However strong he may be in his faculties, if he lacks self-control, he is weak. A man in convulsions is not a strong man, though it takes ten to hold him; he is the strong man that can hold himself. If one cannot control himself, he cannot control anything else. This is the trouble with the passionate man, the lazy man, the tramp, and the

drunkard. Sure, steady self-control is one of the central principles of character, binding it into unity and crowning it with mastery. The Christian must develop and exercise it, or he cannot wear the crown of Christ. He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city. — *Presbyterian*.

On the Potter's Wheel

THE idea in the meeting was from the eighteenth chapter of Jeremiah: "And the vessel that he made of clay was marred in the hand of the potter; so he made it again another vessel, as seemed good to the potter to make it." God did not want to take our work away from us and cast us aside because we had once shown ourselves unfit for His use; but He wanted to take the broken pieces of the stubborn vessel and make it again a goodly vessel.

A brother from the terra-cotta works stood up and said: "That is right in my line. Now, I have found that when a form is broken, the best thing to do is to put it back in the mill, grind it over again, and let it be moistened and tempered afresh. And that is what I need myself. I want to be made over in God's mill, and moistened by the dews of His grace." — *Sabbath Recorder*.

Spiritual Level

A SHORT time ago I was passing where a lot of men were preparing the foundation for a building. One of the workmen needed a spirit-level, for it would be impossible to do the work right without it. Said he: "It would be no use to try without it. We must start out right to come out right. If we start wrong, it will be wrong all the way through." Well, I liked the force of the reasoning, and saw the necessity of a spirit-level.

A "spirit-level" is indispensable in the erection of many kinds of mechanical work. No good workman will think of doing without its use in any important work. A foundation to be strong must be exactly level and perpendicular. This little instrument will tell the least deviation from this, and no human eye could do as well.

Just so in spiritual things. The workman's expression was very suggestive to my mind. Human eyes and human hearts need a divine power, a "spirit-level," to be just right, and to "lay a good foundation against the time to come." Spiritual level implies a power of discernment, a mind capable of understanding what is just right, with the power to correct and bring to a level the little errors as well as the larger ones, and thus live with a conscience void of offence.

There are many professed Christians who are perfectly satisfied to be only "water level." They try their foundation by this rule. It is not absolutely correct. Many of these water-level Christians are as crooked as a rainbow; will do almost anything to accomplish

their own selfish or sectarian ends. They are only water level, and have never been corrected by the great spiritual level. They do not believe in it. They put water first and last. The spirit is ruled out. Such a foundation will bring to naught the building. It is not built on Christ the solid Rock.

Some have no instrument to try their foundation or to get level in any way — have no particular desire to get right. It makes no difference to them whether their foundation is level or perpendicular. They have no eye to beauty or heart to learn duty. They seem to act without thought, as though a building would be just as good erected upon a foundation with one end much higher than the other, and one end leaning in and the other out, without beauty, symmetry, shape or proportion. No spirit-level was ever put on to see whether it was right or not; no eye to see or heart to feel consequences that are sure to result. May the Lord save us from this easy, don't-care religious level! It is sure to be "a dead level." — H. O. OSGOOD, in *Christian Uplook*.

Prayer of the Brittany Fishermen

FISHERMEN of Brittany utter this simple prayer when they launch their boats upon the deep: "Keep me, my God; my boat is small and the ocean is wide." How very beautiful the words, the thought! Might not the same petition be uttered night and morning by God's children journeying on the sea of life? My boat is small, I am so weak, so helpless, so forgetful of Thy loving-kindness. Tossed to and fro at the mercy of the world, except Thou dost help me, I perish. Keep me, my God, for "Thy ocean is so wide!" — *Anon.*

Arise and Get Thee Down

ONLY by descending from the house-top of prayer and vision to the common daily life, could the vision become a part of Peter's life ever enduring. In "The Legend Beautiful," in Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn," a monk had been longing and praying for a better life, and that he might see Jesus Himself. At length, one day, the vision came, flooding the room with its radiant shining. While he was gazing entranced upon his Lord, the convent bell tolled the hour when it was his duty to go out and feed the poor. He hesitated, for he hated to leave the vision, and feared it would not remain for his return. Should he who,

"Rapt in silent ecstasy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the vision and the splendor, —
Should he slight his radiant guest,
Slight this visitant celestial
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate?"

But he heard the voice, —

"Do thy duty; that is best;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest."

He fed the beggars, and, returning, found the vision still there,

"When the blessed Vision said,
'Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled.'"

— *Selected.*

THE FAMILY

"IT IS THE LORD"

When the day breaks along the beach
And turns to gold the yellow sand,
When singing waves stretch forth and reach
The welcome of the meeting land,
I see Him stand!

What though the night has fruitless been,
And no hope glid the morning hour?
New beauty thrills the common scene,
And song of bird and kiss of flower
Witness His power.

He comes, and lo! the world is glad.
The hours forget the gloom of night,
Mirth cheers the hearts that once were sad,
The landscape lies in floods of light,
And all is bright.

I know Him when He breaks the bread,
And when He stills the roughened sea,
Or when the morning meal is spread,
He manifests Himself to me,
So gracious He!

He calls to me to break my fast,
And care and sorrow flee away,
The dreary way is overpast,
And in the rapture of the day
With Him I stay.

And so I think that when, ere long,
I meet the time I sometimes fear,
My heart will sing its joyful song
And gladly say, "Be of good cheer;
Thy Lord is here!"

— Marianne Farningham.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful

The waterfalls are low. With leaf or bough
The winds converse but seldom; thy true voice,
O August, is the thunder! So rejoice
Rich powerful spirits, and of these art thou.
With passion deep thou dost the earth endow,
Bringing to temperate climes an India near,
Making the meadows pale — golden the ear
Of rustling corn; and capable to bow
The inmost spirit with an awful fear
When, lightning-charged, thy lofty turret-
clouds
Stand out with edges white against the blue
And breathless heaven. Oh, far from towns and
clouds
I would thy bounty and thy anger view,
Tempered by mountain breezes, cool and clear.

— Chauncey Horr Townsend.

We cannot know what future honor may
depend on the way we do the simplest, most
commonplace thing today. — J. R. Miller,
D. D.

It is for active service soldiers are drilled,
and trained, and fed, and armed. That is
why you and I are in the world — not to
prepare to go out of it some day, but to serve
God in it now. — Henry Drummond.

Death will come in. Better open the door
to him, lovingly and trustfully, than send
him to the window and the shutter. — James
Buckham.

The bells of Westminster Abbey chime
hourly a sweet, simple melody. The words
allied to the tune are these: —

"All through this hour,
Lord, be my guide,
And through Thy power
No foot shall slide."

Oh, do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be
stronger men! Do not pray for tasks equal to
your powers. Pray for powers equal to your
tasks! Then the doing of your work shall
be no miracle. But you shall be a miracle.
Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at

the richness of life which has come in you
by the grace of God. — Phillips Brooks.

It is the rough work that polishes. Look
at the pebbles on the shore! Far inland,
where some arm of the sea thrusts itself deep
into the bosom of the land, and expanding
into a salt loch, lies girdled by the mount-
ains, sheltered from the storms that agitate
the deep, the pebbles on the beach are rough,
not beautiful; angular, not rounded. It is
where long white lines of breakers roar, and
the rattling shingle is rolled about the
strand, that its pebbles are rounded and pol-
ished. As in nature, as in the arts, so in
grace; it is rough treatment that gives souls
as well as stones their lustre; the more the
diamond is cut the brighter it sparkles; and
in what seems hard dealing, their God has no
end in view but to perfect His people's
graces. Our Father, and kindest of fathers!
He afflicts not willingly; He sends tribula-
tions, but hear Paul tell their purpose:
"Tribulation worketh patience, patience
experience, experience hope." — Guthrie.

Joseph might have thought, as he lay dy-
ing, that he had not done much to further
his people's possession of Canaan, by bring-
ing them down to Egypt. But he had helped
forward the realization of God's designs
some small distance, and that is enough for
any man. Many hands are laid on the ropes
to draw the triumphal car, and one after an-
other they are stiffened in death and loosen
their hold; but the car goes on. "One sow-
eth and another reapeth," and the result is
that divided labor is multiplied gladness. We
receive unfinished tasks from our predes-
sors, and hand on unfinished tasks to those
who come after. This double process should
lift our thoughts to Him that lives forever.
Moses dies, Joshua catches the torch from
his dying hand, because God said, "As I was
with Moses, so will I be with thee." There-
fore, we can turn away from thoughts of the
darkness that has sucked down so much,
which our own hearts or Christ's church
seem to need so sorely, and turn to the
Christ who "became dead and is alive for
evermore." "Joseph died, and all his breth-
ren, and all that generation;" but Jesus
lives, and therefore His people "grow and
multiply," and His servants' work is blessed,
and at last all their generations shall be
united in the harvest festival, "when he
that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice
together." — Alexander McLaren, D. D.

... Shall I not work?

I, who stand here, in front of human life,
And feel the push of all the heaving past
Straining against my hand? Immortal life,
Eternal, indestructible, the same
In flower, and beast, and savage — now in me —
Urges, and urges to expression new!
Work? Shall I take from those blind laboring
years

Their painful fruit, and not contribute now
My share of gifts so easy to our time?

Shall I receive so much, support the weight
Of age-long obligation, and not turn
In sheerest pride and strive to set my mark
A little past the record made before?
Shall it be said: "He took from all the world,
Of its accumulated countless wealth,
As much as he could hold, and never gave?
Spiritless beggar! pauper! parasite!"
Life is not long enough to let me work
As I desire; but all the years will hold
Shall I pour forth. Perhaps it may be mine
To do some deed was never done before,
And clear my obligation to the world.

— Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

There can be in your daily life or mine no
humbler or homelier duties than those
which for so many years engaged the daily
thought and care of Him who was at once
the Son of Man and the Son of God. The

weariness from which we so often suffer, the
consciousness of powers unemployed or only
half employed, the restlessness that torments
us under the limitations by which we are
hedged in, do you not suppose that He also
knew them, as the uneventful years moved
round, and the sense of His great mission
burned more and more brightly in His soul?
Think of it, when you are inclined to fret under
the duties which every day requires of you,
and the burdens which the night, even, does
not lift from your heart. You are simply
walking in the path in which the Lord has
gone before. — EDWARD B. COE, D. D., in
"Life Indeed."

THE OIL OF GLADNESS

ELLEN A. LUTZ.

A CREAKING hinge was a continual
source of annoyance, rasping the
nerves with a complaining sound when-
ever the door left ajar by haste or care-
lessness swayed back and forth in the
summer breeze.

It seemed absurd that the friction of
two bits of iron should cause so much
mental and physical discomfort, but in
vain was the determination to take no
notice of the exasperating noise; and
many times was employment suspended
to close the offending door before the
power contained in the ever-ready oil
can of the sewing machine was remem-
bered. A few drops of the mollifying
fluid inserted between the conflicting
forces of lever and fulcrum operated like
magic. The breeze blew boldly through
the hall, and hasting hands still left the
door unclosed, but there was no more
antagonism; the door swung as if hinged
with velvet.

Musing, with a glad feeling of relief,
upon the simple remedy, and a like med-
icamentum sent to this ain jarred world,
"the oil of joy for mourning," the words
of a favorite hymn came to mind as a
new revelation, —

"There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness o'er our heads."

How much we need the oil of gladness
poured over us! How prone we are to
give way to fretfulness and despondency
when overtaken by the cares of life! Great
calamities are sometimes borne
with a fortitude which excites wonder,
while the small trials of daily life weary
and perplex us. We moan and fret at
the stress of adverse circumstance, and
petty cares are magnified until their
shadows cover all our Christian graces.
An accident to some of our household
lares, a mistake that made us a little
trouble, a disappointment which cut
short a promised pleasure, are happen-
ings which leave us impatient and fret-
ful. Unhappiness gathers round us like
rust upon iron; we are antagonistic to
our environment, and at every move
complaints burst forth like the creaking
of the hinge.

These seem like trivial things to take
to God in prayer, but whatever griefs
oppress us, we can take to the One who
has invited the heavy-laden, saying,
"Come unto Me." He will sympathize
with our sorrows, take our burden from
us, and give us "the oil of joy for mourn-
ing." Then with the seal of His love
upon us, we can swing upon the pivot
of daily life without friction or conflict.
Like oil upon the hinge, the joy of the

Lord will soften the asperities of uncongenial surroundings, and although withering frosts set icy fingers upon the pleasures we have planned, and disappointments darken the horizon of our day, we can easily slip through the tangle of trials which beset us with happy hearts and faces shining from the anointing with the oil of gladness. "When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?" (Job 34: 29.)

Toledo, O.

THE MOTHER'S SONG

"I THINK the Fullers are the sunniest, merriest family I ever met," and Mrs. Kelso, one of the new boarders in the house on the hill, sat down in Mrs. Needham's roomy kitchen to watch her do her Saturday's baking in the old-fashioned brick oven.

"Yes, they are merry," Mrs. Needham poured a cup of the golden pumpkin fluid into the deftly prepared plate, "and what's more, they're good. There isn't a thing they won't do for a body. Every one likes them, and they're perfect Christians—not the kind that think good thoughts while the minister's preaching, but real genuine, everyday followers."

Mrs. Kelso waited expectantly.

"Yes, there's a reason," Mrs. Needham looked around as she bent before the oven door. "Mrs. Fuller won't allow herself to get fretted and worried—and never has. Whenever she feels tired or a little too near the border-land of getting out of sorts, she just sings and sings herself right again. 'Twas just the same with the children when they were little—and would be now they're grown, if they hadn't learned to do their own singing—that was the way she always settled their troubles and difficulties. If they got into a dispute she'd sing it away, and so it was with everything. I tell folks she has sung her family right to the cross of Christ, and I prophesy when Mrs. Fuller gets to heaven, the music the angels make is going to be a good deal sweeter by the addition of that Christian mother's song."

—A. F. CALDWELL, in *Presbyterian*.

TOO TIRED TO REST

THE daughters with troubled faces stood about the farmhouse door, while their father anxiously questioned the old doctor.

"Yes, it's quite a serious matter as it now stands; but there's one way out as it looks to me, and it will be a tolerably long one. No more work of any sort, or care of any kind for months to come. Nature has rebelled at last."

"It do seem so; but she's been sech a stirrin' body away, Lucy has; no hand to complain, and never no oneasy cravin' to run about as some wimmen do; it seems too hard for her to be lyin' there sick."

"Yes; but if she had run about more and relaxed the strain of constant and monotonous work, she might not have broken down so utterly."

"Now, doctor, that sounds as if you thought she'd been—ah—overworked an' as if—ah—I was to blame for 't."

"Well, you let a field lie fallow some time to gain strength, and turn your horses out to pasture; you think they do better in the long run, don't you?"

"Surely! surely! but Lucy's a reasonable bein' and could slack up an' rest if she felt the need on't. We've kept along together year after year, each doin' our own work. I ain't give out."

"No; you've had the advantages of fresh air, out-door exercise, noonings with a short sleep perhaps, and also slack times owing to

rain and change of seasons; you go to town twenty times to her going once, see fresh scenes and faces, hear the news and get brightened up in many ways; that helps you."

"Ye-es, I s'pose it does, come to think on't; an' Lucy, poor soul, has give out from jest joggin' along in the treadmill, hey? An' what's goin' to be done to set her up agin, doctor?"

"What I said—change, rest, relief from care—in fact, if you'll excuse me, just what you'd do for a worn-out horse."

"The land! why, I'd feed a horse well, an'—an' curry it, an' pet it, an' not expect it to do a stroke o' work, nor"—

"That's the treatment exactly; feed your worn-out wife with nice food that she hasn't cooked, or even given a thought as to its selection; buy her some finery and trinkets such as women love, pet her and make her rest."

"Um-m! well, that sounds as if it might do good if Lucy'd only agree to it; but, ye see—well, she's one of the stirrin' sort, an' as soon as she got a grain o' strength she'd never lay by if she saw a thing that needed doin' or wasn't bein' done in jest her way."

"Then take her away from the scenes of her labor; she'll be very quiescent for a while from sheer weakness and collapse; and, later, she will learn how to rest and realize why she must do it. For the present attend strictly to the medicine and nourishment and be good to her—baby her, in fact. Good day!"

"Baby her! Laws! Baby your mother! Girls, did you hear that? I don't see how it's to be done, she's that independent an' deepsies all shallernees an' triffin'—or has—well, I dunno; it's a turrible hard case; but doctor thinks she'll come out of it eventual; think's she's been worked to death, or nigh it. I'm beat!"

Mrs. Walker lay on her springless bed with the flies buzzing about her—the very flies, possibly, that she daily drove out of the kitchen with flapping towels; they were having their revenge now, while she was too weak to raise a hand; the light from the blindless window struck cruelly on her aching eyes; she heard the robins chirping gleefully while they stole the cherries—the cherries which at this very hour she ought to be canning and drying.

Her husband came in on tiptoe, thereby making more noise than usual, and put his hand on her forehead, stroking it awkwardly; he was trying to be good to her.

"Don't, it's so hot! What'd the doctor say?"

"Um-m; well, quite a good deal; it seems you've gin out on account of all work an' no play; an' now you've got to play."

"Bosh! much he knows about it! It's jest malar, or something. Dear me! I've jest fought against my bad feelings for weeks, but they got the best of me. Did he think I'd be laid up long? A week?"

"Laws, yes! that is, not in bed mebbe, but you mustn't work, an' you mustn't care that you can't, but jest rest, absolute rest!"

"I can't; I dunno how! An' there's so much to do, an' the girls is young an' keardless, an' rather be out in the fields with you any time."

"Ye-es, but there's got to be a change. I dunno how, but—the land! the stage is a-stoppin'; yes, an' a woman gittin' out!"

"Company? Mercy sakes! Who can it be? Only one kind of cake in the house, too. I laid out to bake a lot more yesterday if I hadn't had that queer spell. What will we do?"

"I do b'lieve it's brother Hiram's daughter—the one that's been down east so long. She's talkin' to the girls now. I'll go down."

Mr. Walker found his guess correct, and his niece explained her arrival by saying

that she had written to announce her coming; and when she found that the mistress of the house was ill in bed, she seemed so sympathetic and filled with desire to do something to help them all, that her uncle instantly felt that her coming was providential.

"Dear me! I don't know what you'll do!" said the sick woman as the visitor stood beside her bed. "There ain't nothin' in trim for company, an' me weak as a rag."

"Why, I'm just going to help you get well, and take care of myself and help the rest do the same. Now don't give one worried thought to anything or anybody."

"I can't help it; I'm ashamed to be so good-for-nothing; an' you ain't been here in years, an' you ought to have a good visit."

"I will; and perhaps do good with my visit. Will it disturb you if we turn your bed? You ought not to get the light that way."

In less than an hour the invalid was much more comfortable, the meagre furniture of the room stood in new places, the bed was smoothed, fresh slips were put on the pillows, the flies mostly whisked out, the window was shaded, and some delicious light food prepared and every one cheered up. In a week Mrs. Walker could sit up an hour at a time; but when she lay on her bed the new springs and mattress seemed so restful and cool that lying in bed became a luxury; netting in all the windows kept out the eager flies and mosquitoes; the girls, so apt to learn, soon acquired deftness in nursing and many other household duties; the family learned to eat more fresh fruit and less pie, more milk and vegetables and less pork, to play and rest as well as to work and hurry, to laugh and not fret.

The helpful visitor, by urgent request, prolonged her visit, and when the invalid was able to come downstairs she sat on the shady porch in a light, pretty wrapper, with her hands, grown thin and white, lying idly in her lap or else turning the leaves of some picture-filled magazine, brought by the visitor, but hereafter to come by subscription to brighten the home. She wondered how it had come about that she who never used to have an idle moment, who never sat down without some sewing or knitting in her hands, could now sit quietly for hours. Was it due to sickness or sense, she wondered, or had the first brought the second? Many long talks she had with the younger woman, who was not afraid to speak as she thought. From her she learned that fashion was not always folly, nor idleness a sin; that some work was not necessary, and some could be postponed without upsetting the universe; that money was not wasted that was put into improved household conveniences, and that one need not be hopelessly old at forty or less. She had learned how to rest, to relax every muscle and nerve. It had been a hard, long lesson; habit and desire and clamoring duties were in the way. Many times in the first days of illness she had pathetically exclaimed: "I can't rest! Oh, I am so tired I can't rest! I wouldn't when I could, and now I can't; every nerve in me quivers."

And this plaint came from one who had laughed at nerves, had prided herself on her strength and endurance, who had been saying of expense, but not of herself, and she was growing old at thirty-eight. Youth had gone forever. And yet the morning when she went away for a long visit, in a nicely fitting gray suit, a becoming hat, and with her hair arranged in modern fashion, her young daughters exclaimed: "Why, ma is really handsome!" and their father said: "It beats all what that spell o' sickness has done for her!—that an' your coming here, Mollie; you've done wonders for all of us, a-gittin' us out of our sot ways, an' wakin'

o' us up generally. Yee, you've been a genuine blessin', Mollie." — EMMA A. LENTE, in *Central Christian Advocate*.

UNDER A BIG STRAW HAT

MINNIE LEONA UPTON.

I see a big straw hat
Bobbing across the flat —
The sandy flat at the foot of the hill, the
hottest, "scorchiest" place;
Beneath are two stout — pegs?
No, those are Teddy's legs;
And in between is a holland blouse and the
dearest, dear little face.

There's not the hint of a breeze
To stir the locust trees;
The cattle lie in the shade and pant, and
Lion is in the cellar;
And nobody moves a toe
Who doesn't have to go,
Save a four-year-old lad whom Uncle Hiram
calls the "leetle feller."

He trudges gaily along,
Humming a cheery song,
Till he reaches the "blackb'ry patch" that
grows in the weedy old fence corner,
Puts in his (fingers and) thumb,
And pulls out many a plum,
But not for himself, like that greedy elf,
conceited little Jack Horner.

For didn't his dear mamma
Say, "Oh, if 'twere not so far,
And the road so sandy and shadeless too,
and the sun so dreadfully hot,
I'd put on my hat and go
For the blackberries that grow
So juicy and large and sweet down there in
the corner of the 'Lot.'

"Nothing could taste to me
So good as those would be."
Teddy sat on the doorstep cool and nobody
knew he heard;
But he reached for his old straw hat
And slipped away to the flat,
With high resolve in his big little heart,
though he never said a word.

The briars scratch his face,
And catch in a close embrace
The stout little legs and holland blouse, and
try to hold his hands.
But he thinks of somebody's eyes,
So bright with pleased surprise,
And there isn't a happier little lad in all the
wide world's lands.

Boston, Mass.

JUDICIOUS "LETTING ALONE"

"TELL me," I said to one of the most charming women I know, whose seems to have made a wonderful success of her ten years of married life, "how you manage to do everything so easily, and to do so much more than other people, and to make every one around you comfortable and happy."

She blushed at my praise as she answered, "I am so glad to hear you say that, for if I am successful now I have had to buy my knowledge with some bitter experience. You know what a nervous man my husband is. How could he be otherwise with the strain he is under in his professional life, when from the beginning he had to do everything for himself, and make his way by hard work and struggle? Well, when we were engaged I didn't understand him at all. People may say what they please about the engagement being the happiest time of one's life; I argue it isn't. I was always worrying John with little exactions, demanding of him reasons for this and that, interfering with him, and not respecting his time or his individuality. Fortunately for me, his love stood the test of my tactlessness during our engagement

and the first year or so of our married life, but his health didn't. He was nervous and restless, poor thing! he had so little real rest or freedom with me. Then Dorothy came, and during those early peaceful weeks of her life, when I had plenty of time to think, I began to see things in their true light, and I made a few resolutions that I have tried hard to keep ever since. Certainly things have been happier since I determined to 'let John alone.'

I waited for her to go on, and watched the pretty little wifely light in her eyes.

"I don't think there could ever be a real difference of opinion between John and me on the big things of life, but one doesn't have to confront big things very often, and it is in the little things that the rub is apt to come, and where a wife can worry her husband to death unconsciously by her pettiness. Well, this was the result of my resolutions. I try not to interfere in any way with John's business, not to demur when he is obliged to go away often and to be often late at meals, and not to ask him why, frantically, when he finally makes his appearance, but to wait until he chooses to tell me. When he wants to sit up late, as he does night after night, reading or writing, when I feel he is not prudent, according to my standpoint, I make myself keep quiet, and not nag him with advice to go to bed, and I try not to worry him about his particular economies or extravagances. Very often he does what seems to me foolish and unnecessary, but I have learned to respect his judgment enough to give him the benefit of the doubt, or, at any rate, to keep from telling him my opinion when it is not asked. I also have learned never to ask him to do errands downtown, or take any time from his business for me; and, more than all, I try never to worry him with any of the tiresome domestic problems that are continually arising."

"Wise little woman," I murmured, thinking of the many men who come home from a wearying day downtown to find a wife who is waiting to pour out a tale of woe of the day's grievances, which are exaggerated as they are related; and yet these same wives would feel it hard if they had to listen night after night to the recital of their husband's business troubles, and be shown his incapacity to manage his business as they show their lack of ability to regulate theirs.

"Yes, it works well in many ways," she went on, "for on his side John shows the same respect for me. At the beginning of each month he puts a sum of money into the bank in my name for all the household expenses. I never have to account to him for a cent of it; he never questions the wisdom of any change that I choose to make in my *menage*; in fact, he leaves me alone in my domain as absolutely as I do him. Consequently when we are together we always talk about things outside of the house, of interests that are educating, and we are very good company to each other, I assure you."

No one could doubt it who saw them together, and no one could question she had discovered some royal road to harmonious living. She is over thirty years old, and she is always taken for about twenty-one. She has several children, the dearest babies in the world, and she is a very up-to-date mother, belonging to kindergarten classes, and personally supervising all that her little people do. She is active in the affairs of the world and in charity, and everywhere she is famous for her quiet charm, and the interest and help she gives to every one she meets. And the husband? The other day he went back to a college dinner, and after it I was told that all the men present declared he did not look a day older than when he graduated, twelve years before. And let it be remembered both these young people have had to look well to it that both ends should meet,

as they have not been blessed with an abundant store of this world's goods, and every cent of what they have has come with hard work.

"I try to carry out the same idea with the servants and children," Eleanor continued, presently, "and when I think how little trouble I have I am amazed at all that I hear and read about. I could count on my two hands the times I have changed servants in ten years, even with the four I always keep. To be sure, when I do make a change I take 'infinite pains' to get some one who shall be worthy of the responsibility I give. Then I show him or her a written list of the hours for the work during the day, what seems to me the best arrangement, but I say that I am ready to listen to any suggestion of an improvement after a trial of my way. At the end of a week we may together rearrange the order, but after that it is seldom that I ever have to speak to a servant or give a direction. I let them absolutely alone, only referring to the schedule if there is any fault to find. With the children, too, I try to respect their freedom, and not to interfere in any legitimate fancy or folly they may have. Outside of the established rules they are free to do as they please with their own time, and I think they are very happy children, and singularly free from any nervousness."

"And, best of all, you are a happy woman, too," I continued. "Would that others could learn the wisdom of 'letting alone!'"
— *Harper's Bazar*.

His Denomination

AT the close of service one Sunday morning the pastor of a city church went down the aisle, as was his custom, to greet the strangers in the congregation. "You are not a member of our church," he said to one of them.

"No, sir," replied the stranger.

"Do you belong to any denomination, may I ask?"

"Well," responded the other, hesitatingly, "I'm what you might call a submerged Presbyterian."

"How is that?"

"I was brought up a Presbyterian, my wife is a Methodist, my eldest daughter is a Baptist, my son is the organist at a Universalist Church, my second daughter sings in an Episcopal choir, and my youngest goes to a Congregational Sunday-school."

"But you contribute, doubtless, to some one church?"

"Yes, I contribute to all of them. That is partly what submerges me." — *Youth's Companion*.

BOYS AND GIRLS

GRANDMA'S HALF-CENTURY-OLD BONNET

DORCAS DARE.

"LET'S go up attic!" said Betty.
"S'pose we can find anything up there?" asked Lydia.

"We can rummage round, anyway. An' p'raps we can."

So up into the attic climbed the two little girls. The stairs were rough and narrow, and the attic itself was low and dark, but to them it was a delightful place. Bunches of herbs hung from the big beams and gave a gardeny smell to the room, while in one corner were some old trunks and boxes which the children were at full liberty to ransack at any time.

Down before them they knelt now. They jumped up from time to time, and Betty thrust one foot into one of grandpa's bright red leather pointed shoes, with large, bright, square buckles, and

Lydia did the same with the other. And then they pirouetted and bowed to each other in the same courtly manner they imagined grandpa to have had, when he wore them on state occasions. Or else, with peals of laughter, they tried on an old silk pelisse of grandma's, very straight and narrow in the waist and sleeves, and very full in the skirt.

They kept in mind, however, the errand upon which they had come, and after replacing the shoes in the box which had held them for more than half a century, and refolding the silk pelisse in the old sheet which smelled of lavender and kept it free from dust, they dived still deeper into one of the old trunks.

"It is here, somewhere, I know," said Betty.

"What is here? What are you hunting for?"

"One of those old bonnets grandma used to wear. They're in here, I know. Yes," after a second, "here's one, anyway."

She sprang up and held out a bonnet of immense size. It was of fine white straw, grown yellow with time. Brim and crown were almost of equal size.

"There!" said Betty. "I'm sure we can make that into a bonnet for grandma."

Lydia looked at it. "It's pretty big," she said, "but grandma don't like the little bonnets mamma wears."

"No, indeed. Grandma is an old lady."

"It's pretty big," repeated Lydia.

"It won't look nearly so big when we have trimmed it."

"We haven't got any trimmings."

"Yes, we have. I know where there's a lot of lovely trimming. Oh, we can make it look lovely!"

Lydia began to share Betty's enthusiasm.

"Let's hurry downstairs," she said. "I want to see the trimming."

"You run down and get some needles, and a spool of thread, and our thimbles, and I'll put these things smooth that I have rumpled up, and then I'll show you the trimming."

Five minutes later Betty joined Lydia at the foot of the attic stairs. She carried the straw bonnet carefully. She had wrapped an old newspaper around it. "I don't want any one to see it till it is trimmed," she said.

"Where will we trim it?" asked Lydia.

"Out of doors," answered Betty. "Come."

She led the way to the garden at the back of the house, and climbed a little hill at its western end. The hill was covered with short, thick grass. Betty pointed to it.

"There!" she said, "you see the dandelions, don't you?"

"Yes, the hill is covered with them. Of course I see them."

"They are the trimming for grandma's bonnet!" said Betty.

"Dandelions!"

"Yes," said Betty, "they'll look real pretty, and grandma likes yellow things. We can sew them on, and tomorrow is Sunday, and they'll last for grandma to wear to meeting."

"And then next week we can sew on fresh ones!" said Lydia.

"Yes," said Betty, "and when the dandelions are all gone we can get lots of violets, and then there'll be cherry blossoms and apple blossoms, and then there'll be yellow buttercups and"—

"And daisies! And then there'll be lots of garden flowers, too!"

"Grandma'll be real pleased, I know," said Betty.

"So I think," said Lydia.

The two children sat down on the grass at once and began their work.

Lydia picked the dandelions, and assorted them with great care, throwing aside all but the very freshest and most perfect ones, while Betty sewed them on.

Around the big, deep crown she sewed them as a wreath, and then, in the very centre of the wide, flaring brim she placed a large and carelessly-grouped bunch. She held it at arm's length then, and, with anxious eyes, they inspected it.

"It looks pretty, don't it?" asked Betty.

"Yes," said Lydia, "but"—

"But what?"

"Well," said Lydia, "I think grandma would like it better if it had a little green fixed in with it, somehow. Jest a little, you know, same as mamma has."

"P'raps it would look better. Maybe grandma would like it better. Well, what can we have? Grass?"

"Yes, we might stick in a little grass; but there are some green leaves on the rhubarb that would look better, I think."

"Get two or three," said Betty.

Lydia ran down the hill. She came back in a minute or two. "I don't know what these are," she said, extending a half-dozen green leaves; "they look just like the rhubarb, but I found them growing in the grass."

Betty looked at them critically. "They're burdock leaves," she said; "they'll do better than the rhubarb. P'raps grandma wouldn't want the rhubarb leaves picked."

"So I thought," said Lydia.

Betty held the bonnet at arm's length again, in a few moments, and both she and Lydia pronounced the burdock leaves a great addition to the bonnet.

"They make the dandelions yellower," said Lydia.

"Yes," assented Betty, "and they make the bonnet look smaller."

Lydia looked at the bonnet with an affectionate pride. "It takes you to fix up things and make 'em look pretty," she said.

"The burdock leaves were just what it needed," said Betty.

A moment later she gave a little scream. "What will we do for strings for grandma's bonnet?"

"Oh, my sakes!" cried Lydia.

Both children were very grave for a few moments.

"She couldn't tie dandelions," said Betty, almost tearfully.

"No, nor grass, nor burdock leaves."

"I know!" cried Lydia, a moment later.

"What? Tell me, quick!"

"Shavings!"

But Betty shook her head. "No," she said, "I don't think shavings will do for grandma. You and I can dress up with shavings, but grandma is an old lady, and we want her to look nice. Dandelions are lovely, you know, but shavings—no, Lydia, I know she wouldn't like shavings."

"I don't suppose she would."

Again the children sat in thoughtful silence; and then Betty clapped her hands.

"I know!" she cried. "It's just the thing!"

"What? Tell me quick!"

"That piece of green and white plaid silk that Cousin Jane gave us for a doll's dress."

"But," said Lydia, slowly, "we want it for Cynthia's new summer dress."

"Cynthia can wear her old dresses. Besides, Lydia, we want to give grandma the best things. We love grandma better than we love Cynthia. And"—as Lydia was silent—"we can trim Cynthia's dresses with flowers all summer long."

"Yes," said Lydia, "I suppose we can. And, anyway, Cynthia is only a doll, and she won't care. So I'll go in and get it."

The green and white silk made just the strings the bonnet needed. "We'll hem it the next time we trim the bonnet," the children said. "It won't fray with one wearing."

Impatient to show it to their grandmother, Betty and Lydia hurried into the house.

"Here, grandma," they cried, "here's a present for you! Here is the new summer bonnet we heard you say you wanted!"

They handed it to her. Grandma took the bonnet she had worn in her youth, and looked at it. "It was always a beautiful straw," she said, "and you have trimmed it real pretty, dearies."

Immensely pleased with her praise, the children told her how they meant to trim it freshly all summer. "It'll look nice all the time," they said, "and we love to do it for you, grandma."

"Bless your dear little hearts!" said grandma, giving them each a kiss.

Presently the children went back to their play, and then grandpa spoke.

"Are you going to wear it, wife?" he asked.

"Yes," said grandma. "I mean to wear it for my best bonnet all summer."

"Humph!" said grandpa.

"Yes," continued grandma, "I am old enough to wear what I please. And, after I have worn it once, and people have looked and laughed, it will not be a trial. And, even if it were, I would endure it rather than let our children think I did not care for their love for me."

"That's my wife," said grandpa. "Well, do as you please. It will make them happy, as you say."

And so grandma wore her new old bonnet all the summer. It was the children's first summer in the country, and beautiful to them were the weeds and the flowers with which they trimmed and retrimmed it. And beautiful to grandma was the love which made them seek for the freshest flowers and the greenest, glossiest leaves wherewith to adorn her half-century-old bonnet.

Boston, Mass.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Third Quarter Lesson X

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1899.

EZRA 3: 10; 4: 5.

REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D., U. S. N.

REBUILDING THE TEMPLE

I Preliminary

1. **GOLDEN TEXT:** *The temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.* — 1 Cor. 3: 17.2. **DATE:** About B. C. 535.3. **PLACE:** Jerusalem.

4. **CONNECTION:** No record was kept of the journey of the returning Jews; but the 84th Psalm "describes the triumph of their pious zeal" to behold the house of God over all the hardships of the way. First, they visited the desolate cities; then they gathered at Jerusalem in the seventh month to rebuild the altar and re-institute, at the Feast of Tabernacles, the solemn sacrifices. Preparations were also made to build the temple. Masons and carpenters were hired. "Meat and drink and oil" were sent to the Zidonians and Tyrians, who undertook to procure necessary timber and bring it to Joppa, whence it could be brought overland to Jerusalem.

5. **HOME READINGS:** Monday — Ezra 3: 1-7. Tuesday — Ezra 3: 8-13. Wednesday — Ezra 4: 1-6. Thursday — Ezra 4: 11-24. Friday — 1 Chron. 23: 24-32. Saturday — Psalm 136. Sunday — 1 Cor. 3: 6-17.

II Introductory

It was in the second month of the second year that the people gathered to lay the foundation stones of the new temple. The rubbish had been removed. Lebanon had again yielded her cedars. Sufficient material had been collected to inaugurate the work. The "great stones, costly stones, and hewed stones" had been prepared, and the Levites, above the age of twenty, had been appointed to superintend the workmen. The priests arrayed themselves in the blue and scarlet and purple robes, with gold and gems, prescribed for official celebrations. The singers, the descendants of Asaph, were arranged for responsive chorus, and, at the proper signal, the silence of over fifty years was broken by the peal of trumpets and the clash of cymbals, and the grand old doxology was heard once more in the Holy City: "Praise the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth forever."

It was an intense moment. The hearts of the people were profoundly stirred. For many years, in a strange land, they had hushed the Lord's song, while they breathed maledictions upon themselves in case the seductive influences around them should steal away their hearts from their fatherland: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." No wonder that when the Lord turned again their captivity, it was "like a dream," too good to be true. No wonder that their "mouths were filled with laughter," and their "tongues with singing." No wonder that when the day arrived, "the burst of joy was such as has no parallel in the Sacred Volume."

But there was a minor key in this almost universal exultation. The white-haired chiefs and the venerable priests and Levites, who had seen the glory of Solomon's temple, were deeply affected at the comparative poverty and meanness of the preparations and materials for the new structure, and lifted up their

voices in loud lamentation. But they were too few in number to be heard at any distance, and their mournful wails were drowned in the joyful acclamations which rose over the yet ruined city and rolled over Olivet, and were heard far off toward Samaria.

The temple thus auspiciously begun did not reach its completion until twenty years had passed. Work on it was hindered by the Samaritan "adversaries," who "weakened the hands of the people, and troubled them in building." Further they hired counselors against them at the Persian court to "frustrate their purpose." On the accession of Darius (Hystaspes) the work was again resumed, that monarch confirming the decree of Cyrus, and the temple was completed in the sixth year of his reign (B. C. 515).

III Expository

10. When the builders — represented by Jeshua and Zerubbabel. Laid the foundation — as we say, laid the corner-stone. Set the priests . . . with trumpets. — In accordance with the order established by David (1 Chron. 15), the priests, clothed in their robes of office, took their station with trumpets in their hands, and the Levites occupied theirs with the time-keeping cymbals, all ready for the antiphonal service which for nearly five centuries had been held on that hallowed hill.

The garments of the priest consisted of a white linen tunic, reaching from the neck to the ankles, with tight sleeves, and held together around the waist with a linen girdle embroidered with purple, blue, and scarlet. On the head he wore a kind of tiara, formed by the foldings of a linen cloth, and of a round, turban-like shape. His feet were probably naked (Schaff).

11. They sang together by course — R. V., "they sang one to another;" that is, responsively — the priests taking one sentence, the Levites the next, and the people joining in the hallelujahs. Because he is good — R. V., "saying, for he is good." This is the well-known doxology which closed the Psalm written by David on the occasion of the bringing of the ark into Jerusalem (1 Chron. 16: 34). Says Todd: "These words seem to have come into common use as the regular doxology of the sanctuary." Dr. Alexander says they contain the greatest ideas which it is possible for man to entertain — God, goodness, eternity. All the people shouted — in the intensity of their joy at seeing the stones laid for the new temple. The contagion of thankfulness and praise swept through the entire throng. Says Dr. Butler: "Mohammedanism has no hymnal, nor has Hinduism, nor Buddhism. No glorious outburst of sacred song from the hearts and lips of these people ever awoke the echoes of any heathen or Mohammedan temple, and never will, till those temples become the churches of our Lord Jesus Christ."

The priests, in the rich dresses that Zerubbabel out of his princely munificence had furnished, blew once more their silver trumpets; the sons of Asaph once more clashed their brazen cymbals. Many of the Psalms which fill the Psalter with joyous strains were doubtless sung, or composed, on this occasion. One strain especially rang above all — that which runs through the 106th, 107th, 118th and 136th Psalms: "O give thanks to the Eternal, for He is good, for His mercy endureth forever." Through all the national vicissitudes of weal and woe, it was felt that the Divine goodness had remained firm (Stanley).

12, 13. Chief of the fathers — R. V., "heads of fathers' houses." Who were ancient men — R. V., "the old men;" from sixty to eighty years old and upwards. Wept with a loud voice — at the poverty and destitution of materials as compared with the rich accumulations of David and Solomon for the

first temple. The new temple, taken altogether, would be "as nothing in comparison with the first" (Haggai 2: 7-9). Many shouted aloud for joy — those who were young, and had been born during the captivity, and had no data for comparison; also the more hopeful among the old. The people could not discern . . . joy from weeping. — Expressions of sorrow among the Orientals are loud and vehement. The howl of wailing is not easily distinguishable at a distance from joyful acclamations. In this case, however, the joy predominated.

These three voices, mingled together when the foundation of the second temple was laid, are still continually mingling in the world round about us. There is the voice of joy, heard, perhaps, most commonly from the young, from those who have life before them, and are full of hope and energy. Will this be lasting? Only if it is based on the knowledge of God and the promises of God. Where Christ is there only is joy true and right. Then the voice of sorrow, the lament over that which is past and gone. What can still it? Only the knowledge of God and faith in Him. It is Christ who gives "joy for mourning" (Isa. 61: 3), and offers a brighter future than the very brightest past. And the voice of praise, heard too little, but never wholly silent. What inspires this? Again, the knowledge of God, that "His mercy endureth forever toward Israel." And let us bear in mind that where this goes on continually the voice of mourning will eventually have to yield to the voice of joy (S. G. Stock).

1, 2. The adversaries of Judah and Benjamin — the mixed races living in the vicinity of Jerusalem. "These tribes were, many of them, hereditary enemies of the Hebrews, and all of them were bitterly opposed to spiritual religion. On the north were the Samaritans, of mixed race and degrading superstition; on the east were the idolatrous Ammonites and Moabites; southward roved the plundering bands of Bedouins; along the coast dwelt the Philistines. Allied with these were Hamathite princes, Cutheans, Elamites, Babylonians and others" (Hurlbut). Let us build with you — a plausible,



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but hostile request. Their behavior had already caused fear (see verse 3). We seek your God . . . and we do sacrifice unto him — That was true; but while they feared Jehovah, they served their own gods and chose priests for their idolatrous worship from among the vilest classes. Since the days of Esarhaddon, king of Assur (R. V., "Assyria"). — There had been three deportations from the Babylonian provinces to Samaria and the surrounding region.

3. Ye have nothing to do with us to build. — "It is not to you and to us to build." That is, we cannot work together; you have no claim to association with us. And doubtless, if he had been asked why, he would have given three reasons: they were slaves by birth, not members of the chosen race; they were heathens in practice, actually worshipping the graven images of false gods while serving Jehovah; and lastly (whether or not this was clear in Zerubbabel's mind is a matter for conjecture) it would have been a political blunder to have joined with them at this time; these people were not mentioned in the decree of Cyrus, which was the Jews' warrant for what they were doing (Hurlbut).

In this world, whenever a good work is begun, some kind of opposition is sure to show itself, since Satan will never suffer any attack upon his kingdom without resenting it. The opposition may, however, be of two kinds. It may be open and proclaimed, or it may take the subtler and more dangerous shape of seeming approval and patronage. In the case before us the opposition of Zerubbabel's mission was, at the first, of this latter kind. The mixed race, partly Israelite but mainly heathen, which had been settled by the Assyrian monarchs in central Palestine (2 Kings 17: 24; Ezra 4: 9, 10), made a specious proposition to the Jewish prince, acceptance of which would have been fatal to the entire movement. The movement was one for the re-establishment of God's peculiar people in their own land, under their own system, as a witness to the nations against polytheism, against idolatry, against materialism and sensualism in religion. As the Samaritans had adopted a mixed or mongrel worship, uniting idolatrous rites with the acknowledgment of Jehovah (2 Kings 17: 29-41), their admission by Zerubbabel to

a partnership in his work would have been equivalent to the abandonment of pure religion, and the acceptance of syncretism inherently vicious and sure to develop into pronounced forms of impurity and corruption. Zerubbabel therefore declines the offer made him — most properly, since there is no "communion between light and darkness" (2 Cor. 6: 14), no "agreement between the temple of God and idols" (Rawlinson).

4, 5. Weakened the hands of the people — threw obstacles in the way of their building, discouraged them by sneers and insults and threats. Hired counselors against them to frustrate their purpose. — The names of some of these "counselors" are given in verse 7, who interfered after Cyrus' date. The remainder of this chapter illustrates the arguments used and methods taken by these conspirators to prevent the erection of the temple. Until the reign of Darius — the second year of his reign. During Cyrus' reign the work was hindered by local interference, and under Artaxerxes it was wholly stopped.

IV Illustrative

1. Our bodies are temples for the Holy Ghost to dwell in. Many a person has neglected his temple, and by evil practices has defiled and ruined it. When God's grace converts the soul it is the bringing back of exiled thoughts and emotions, ambitions and purposes, which are noble and true; and their first effort is to rebuild the house of God. I have seen many a drunkard restored to his right mind and intent by God's grace on living a noble life, who was nevertheless divided in his sentiments between rejoicing and weeping, because of his hope for the future and his recollection of the former house of God with which he started in life (Hurlbut).

2. "God loveth a cheerful giver." Have you studied the precise import of the word translated "cheerful?" It came to me with wonderful force a few days since as I was reading my Greek Testament. The word is *hilaron*. There is no mistaking its import. God loves a whole-souled "hilarious" giver — one who is not ashamed of the cause for which he gives — one who, with a strong, buoyant, joyous confidence in the cause, in the men who are working with him for it, and, above all, in the God who directs the work, gives freely, heartily, and with a swing. To the sense of duty from the law of Christian service, shall we not, by God's help, add this crowning grace of spontaneous, hearty, hilarious Christian giving of time and money for the cause of our Master? (Pres. M. E. Gates.)

3. The great mediæval masters of artistic beauty were, many of them, in the habit of asking God's special blessing on each new endeavor. Cromwell, Washington, Von Moltke, Havelock, and other commanders presented their diagrams of battles to the Lord, asking for His favor on their plans. Bishop Heber offered special prayer on the eve of each important undertaking of his life. Luther said that prayer was the best book in his library, and the longer he expected his day's work to endure the more time he devoted to prayer (Hurlbut).

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OUR BOOK TABLE

The Battles of Peace. By George Hodges, Dean of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Mass. Thomas Whitaker: New York. Price, \$1.

We give glad welcome to another volume of sermons from Dean Hodges, for we have read his other books with great interest and profit. He is an accurate exegete, an independent thinker, and particularly forceful and practical in his application of the truth. He is among the few sermonizers whose discourses are healthful and profitable reading. We commend this volume, as we have the other five, to the favorable attention of our preachers.

From the Himalayas to the Equator: Letters, Sketches and Addresses, Giving some Account of a Tour in India and Malaysia. By Cyrus D. Foss, D. D., LL. D., One of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Eaton & Mains: New York. Price, \$1.

The visit of Bishop Foss and Dr. J. F. Goucher marks one of the most important epochs in the missionary history of the church. Their tour, to our church, was something like that of Paul and Silas to the early church. Bishop Foss happily consented to write freely for the church press (many of the chapters in this volume first appeared in the *HERALD*). Some of the more important addresses which he delivered on his return, and which were listened to with such great interest, are included. The book contains many fine illustrations. It should be placed at once in our Sunday-school and Epworth League libraries and in our homes. The publishers have done well to put the price at such a low figure—only one dollar. Ministers can greatly serve the cause by helping to place this book in the homes of their people. It should have an immense circulation. Preachers would do well to take it into the pulpit and call attention to it.

The Letters of Captain Dreyfus to His Wife. Translated by L. G. Moreau, With Portraits. Harper & Brothers: New York. Price, \$1.

The publication of these letters comes at a most opportune time, just at the reopening of the Dreyfus case at Rennes. Of course it is only natural that many will consider that Mme. Dreyfus has outraged good taste in thus giving her husband's letters to the world; but it must be remembered that in so doing she has brought forward the best witness in his favor that could be procured. These personal letters written to his wife from prison contain the only defence that Dreyfus has made, and one cannot read them—passionate, despairing, hopeful, and altogether wonderful as they are—without feeling confident that here are indeed the "lettres d'un innocent." They cover the period from Dec. 5, 1894, to Feb. 14, 1898, and are supplemented by a short history of the Dreyfus case by Walter Littlefield.

John and His Friends. A Series of Revival Sermons. By Louis Albert Banks, D. D., Pastor First M. E. Church, Cleveland, Ohio. Funk & Wagnall Co.: New York and London. Price, \$1.50.

This is the fourth volume of the series of revival sermons by Dr. Louis Albert Banks. It is a companion to the preceding volumes, "Christ and His Friends," "The Fisherman and His Friends," and "Paul and His Friends." Revival literature has seldom, if ever, received so large a contribution from one man. This volume, "John and His Friends," contains thirty-three sermons which were preached in the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Cleveland, Ohio, during January, 1899, in a series of evangelistic meetings. The themes had been selected long before, and illustrations had been gathered from time to time; but each sermon was finally outlined and dictated to a stenographer on the day of delivery. The author says in his preface: "A very gracious revival of religion was awakened by their delivery and a large number of persons were converted and received into the church as

the result." The original and practical character of these sermons is seen even in the titles, a few of which follow: "The Peril of Self-Delusion," "A Confessing Sinner and a Forgiving Saviour," "The Sinner's Attorney in the Court of Final Appeals," "Christ Standing in Our Stead," "A Passing Lust, but an Abiding Soul," "Meeting Christ without Shame," "A Loathsome Relative, and How to Get Rid of Him," "The Banishment of Fear."

Remember Jesus Christ. And Other Talks about Christ and the Christian Life. By Robert E. Speer. Fleming H. Revell Co.: Chicago. Price, 75 cents.

The author says in his preface: "All the chapters of this little book were first spoken as addresses to the Summer Bible Conference at Northfield, some to the young men, some to the young women. They are but simple talks to the heart and will of students. Our Lord and our Lord's desire for His disciples' life is their only theme. What other theme is worthy?" Mr. Speer enters profoundly into the mind of Christ, and imparts it with pertinence and power.

Stick-and-Pea Plays. Pastimes for the Children's Year. By Charles Stuart Pratt. Seventy Working Designs by the Author, together with other Illustrations, drawn by H. P. Barnes. Lothrop Publishing Co.: Boston.

This is an exceedingly interesting and valuable book for children. The author believes that the inventive ability of a child and the love of play can be directed not only to an increase of the joy of the child, but to the decided cultivation of his mind. It is indeed wonderful, with the excellent illustrations and suggestions here given, to see what can be constructed from sticks and peas. The author and the illustrator also are indeed benefactors of childhood.

A Wonderful Work; or, Large Results from Small Beginnings. By Lucy Rider Meyer, Founder of the Deaconess Work in the Methodist Episcopal Church in America. Deaconess Advocate: Chicago.

In this pamphlet Mrs. Meyer tells vividly and inspiringly the story of the Chicago Training School for City, Home and Foreign Missions. We trust other similar pamphlets will follow.

Our Navy in Time of War (1861-1898). By Franklin Matthews. D. Appleton & Co.: New York.

This is a timely volume, and well worth a careful perusal by every American citizen. It covers the entire range of the naval operations of our country from the battle of the "Merrimac" and "Monitor" to the explosion of the magazines of the "Vizcaya." The elegant pictures with which the book abounds add very greatly to its value.

Snow in the Headlight: A Story of the Great Burlington Strike. By Cy Warman. D. Appleton & Co.: New York.

The author of this volume has found a new field for literary work, and is achieving a

marked success. He writes about railroads in general, about engineers, about expressmen, in short, about all sorts of men and things as they are related to one of the most important branches of human activity. His work is a little rough and Westernish, but will be relished by all railroad men. The present volume is fully equal to anything its author has heretofore produced.

Magazines

—The second contribution of Dr. A. M. Fairbairn, giving the results of his important observations in India, appears in the *Contemporary Review* for August, under the head of "Race and Religion in India." Those who desire the last best word on this great subject will read Dr. Fairbairn. In the same number appears a valuable discussion upon the questions which are agitating the English Established Church under the caption, "As Established by Law," by Canon MacColl and J. Horace Round. "The Anglo-Indian Creed," by "A Heretic," is spicy and suggestive. "The Reform of China," by Kang Yen Wei, is especially informational. (Leonard Scott Publication Co.: New York.)

—Very attractive is the August *Magazine of Art*, with three beautiful full-page illustrations—"Captive Cupid," from the painting by T. Blake Wigram; "My Lady's Garden," by J. Young Hunter; "Admiration," by W. A. Bouguereau—and a full and varied list of profusely illustrated articles, including the editor's valuable notes on "Current Art," "The Art Movement," and the "Chronicle of Art." "Limoges Enamels," "Domenico Trentacoste," "The Paris Salons of 1899," form a part of the feast provided this month for lovers of art. (Cassell & Company, Limited: 7 and 9 West 18th St., New York.)

—Minot's Ledge Lighthouse, off Cohasset, is the subject of the frontispiece of the August *St. Nicholas*, and a brief descriptive and historical sketch is given by Gustave Kobbe. In "Colored Suns" Dorothy Leonard tells of other suns than ours—blue and red and green ones. The possibilities of soapy water and a clay pipe are elaborately set forth by Meredith Nugent in "Phil's Second Bubble Show." Lacrosse is described by George Hounsfield Ford. Lovers of fairy tales will pounce with avidity upon "A Fairy Story about a Philosopher's Stone." The serials grow in interest—Mrs. Barr's "Trinity Bells," Miss Wells' "Story of Betty," Mrs. Richards' "Quicksilver Sue," and Mr. Hughes' "Dosen from Lake-rim." There is the usual amount of amus-



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ing nonsense verses and jingles. (Century Company: New York.)

— *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* for August is largely devoted to fiction, such writers as Joel Chandler Harris, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Van Tassel Sutphen, W. D. Howells, Edgar Fawcett, and Egerton Castle being enlisted. "A Day of the President's Life," "Weddings in Art," and "F. Hopkinson Smith as a Water-Colorist," are finely illustrated articles of much interest. (Frank Leslie Publishing House: 141-143 Fifth Ave., New York.)

— The August *Chautauquan* has a portrait of Stephen A. Douglas as a frontispiece, accompanied by a sketch of his life by Frank Heywood Hodder. Eleanor Hodgens pictures "Grasse, the 'Sweetest' Town in the World," in the opening article. The great variety of topics this month will suit all tastes. Shan Bullock's Irish story, "The Barrys," has reached the fourteenth chapter. (Dr. Theodore L. Flood: Meadville, Pa.)

— The August *Donahoe's* presents a pleasing amount of midsummer reading in the shape of fiction, illustrated articles and poetry. "The Revival of Music in Ireland," adorned with numerous portraits, is interestingly treated by D. J. O'Donoghue. In "The Austro-Hungarian Agony" James W. Clarkson sets forth the present condition of affairs in that country. S. L. Emery contributes a paper on "The Mystical Life." "The Republic of Honduras" is considered by E. Lyell Earle. There are several short stories, with new chapters in the serials — "The Plaything of Fate" and "A Golden Harvest." (Donahoe's Magazine Company: 611 Washington St., Boston.)

Literary Notes

— Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, in her new novel called "Square Pegs," illustrates the wisdom of individuals finding and filling the places which nature meant for them.

— Prof. Nicholas P. Gilman, editor of the *New World*, and at one time editor of the *Literary World*, is to resign his position next December in order to spend five months of 1900 in England and France.

— The most popular novelist in England is probably Silas Hocking, a minister of the Methodist Free Church. This gentleman has been writing for twenty-one years, during which time his novels have sold at the rate of 1,000 copies a week.

— Henry James, who has been traveling in Italy, returned home to find that his house had been partially destroyed by fire. It was one of the oldest houses in Rye. Mr. James is pleased that the fire occurred, for it showed him in what peril he had been living. Great wooden beams ran through the chimneys, and there were other inducements to conflagration. He has had the house modernized, and is working on a new novel. — *N. Y. Times*.

— Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's daughter, Mrs. Caroline Leslie Field, has written a story, "Nannie's Happy Childhood," which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish in the autumn.

— Amory H. Bradford, D. D., of Montclair, N. J., has a book in preparation at Dodd, Mead & Co.'s entitled, "The Art of Living Alone." This little book will be an antithesis and companion to "The Art of Living Together," by Dr. Horton, published not long ago, and forms one of the same series, "Little Books on the Conduct of Life."

— A house in Sandisfield, Conn., says the *New York Times*, was burned on Aug 6, while Rev. G. H. Alden, of Philadelphia, and his wife, who is known as "Pansy," were

boarding with the family. They suffered severe losses, Mrs. Alden having manuscripts burned which she valued at about \$2,000. The fire was started by a match which the eldest son of the family had lighted to look for his knife which he had dropped behind the refrigerator.

— The subscriptions toward the William Black memorial have reached a respectable sum. It was intended to devote the money to a lifeboat, but the authorities now prefer a lighthouse on Duart Point Mull.

— The demand for "Richard Carvel" still continues, and to meet it the publishers, Messrs. Macmillan, promise a new paper-covered edition "not to exceed 100,000 copies." It is scarcely two months since the book was published, and it is now in its fiftieth thousand. Its companion on the wave of popularity seems to be Mr. Whiteing's remarkable story, and over and over again do we hear the coupling question: "Have you read 'Richard Carvel' or 'No. 5 John Street'?" — *Literary World*.

— The Funk & Wagnalls Co. announce the "Funk & Wagnalls Standard Encyclopedia," which will be a companion work to the "Funk & Wagnalls Standard Dictionary." The same general principles that have made the "Standard Dictionary" so satis-

factory will be followed in the making of this Encyclopedia; each class of subjects will be in charge of a recognized expert specialist — in all, over two hundred expert scholars will be engaged in the preparation of the work; all treatment of terms will be condensed to the last degree consistent with completeness and clearness; and every available device will be used to make the work easy of consultation. The aim will be to make it accurate, simple, complete, to cover "things" as completely and satisfactorily as the Standard Dictionary covers "words," so that the two works will supplement each other, and both together make a most complete and convenient library for reference.

— Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis' popular lectures "On Ten Masterpieces of Literature" will be published in book form by the Revell Co. in September. The book will be entitled, "Great Books as Life Teachers." The works on which the studies are based are Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture," George Eliot's "Tito in 'Romola,'" Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," Browning's "Saul," Emerson's "Conduct of Life," Thoreau's "Walden," Channing's "Symphony of Life," and a study of the personality of James Russell Lowell as "The Prophet of the New Era of Social Sympathy and Service."

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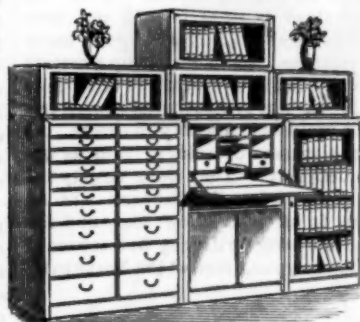
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They are inexpensive.

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SIDE GLANCES AT THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

"ARGUS."

WHEN Bishop Vincent meets with the Conferences of the Pacific Northwest in the balmy months of August and September, his soul will thrill with delight as he hears the shouts of victory from all parts of the camp. Many of the ecclesiastical warriors will be battle-scarred and weary, but the consciousness of success will sweeten the memories of the hardships and privations they have endured for Christ and the church. The reports will glow with revival fires, sparkle with benevolences, resound with dedications, and blaze with burning mortgages. It has been a year of general progress. Numerous new preaching points have been opened and several additional districts will be necessary in order to insure adequate supervision of the work. The general finances are in good condition. Under the inspiration of the thank-offering movement the people have heroically grappled the hoary old bugbear—debt. For many years this monster has hindered and terrorized the saints in the Northwest, but at last the church has risen in her might and decreed that he shall die. Behold her as she goes forth to the final conflict, arrayed in a robe of righteousness, with the glittering helmet "I will" crowning her noble head, wearing the shining breastplate "Faith in God," girt about with the girdle of "Self Reliance," and shod with the sandals of "Everlasting Perseverance." On her left arm is the shining shield of a "Heaven-born Purpose" which will protect her from the fiery darts of criticism and opposition. In her right hand she firmly grasps a gleaming sword of Klondike gold. The enemy is bold and blasphemous, but ere long he will be rolling in the dust and writhing in the throes of death. Then Methodism will sweep forward in a glorious assault on the strongholds of Satan, and far above all other flags will wave the glorious banner of Jesus Christ, the great Commander.

Last year an effort was made to consolidate Willamette, Puget Sound and Portland Universities. It was only partly successful. Portland and Puget Sound united, but Willamette persisted in maintaining an independent school. The commission on consolidation consisted of the late Dr. Payne and Bishop McCabe, assisted by Dr. Geo. P. Mains. They selected Portland as the location. Certain financial conditions were imposed upon the trustees of the Portland school which they were required to satisfy by June 1, 1899. The Portland trustees having failed to meet the requirements, Bishop McCabe, the surviving member of the commission, has declared the consolidation "off," and now the two universities interested will resume as independent institutions. It has been foreseen for some time that consolidation would not be consummated, but it was only recently that Bishop McCabe made a formal declaration dissolving the compact. In view of the agreement to unite, the Tacoma school did not open last September. Many of the former students, in place of going to Portland, went to the State University in Seattle. When it became clear the Portland trustees would not be able to comply with the conditions of consolidation, the trustees of Puget Sound University elected Dr. Wilmot Whitfield president, and reopened the school in March. Under the management of Dr. Whitfield, assisted by Prof. H. J. Corine and G. F. Johnson, Puget Sound University has been relieved of old debts aggregating \$50,000, and there is a reasonable expectation that the remaining \$4,200 of indebtedness will be provided for by Conference time.

Dr. Whitfield is also working on a \$100,000 endowment. He has secured nearly \$10,000. The people of Tacoma have become more interested in the school. Many of the business men who have hitherto known little and cared less regarding the University are now rendering financial and moral assistance. There is also a growing confidence in the University among the pastors and leading laymen, and it is quite probable that the endowment will be considerably increased at the annual and lay electoral conferences in September.

Reference to Puget Sound University naturally brings to mind the career of Dr. Crawford R. Thoburn, who was so suddenly called from labor to reward a few months ago. For eight years he carried the burdens of this institution as its chancellor. He was chosen to a similar position in connection with the consolidated school. Last spring he resigned to take charge of Centenary Church, Portland. He had entered into the work of the church with unbounded zeal, and was looked upon as the man to lead a forlorn hope in removing a big debt. One night he telephoned one of the newspapers the announcement of Dr. Payne's death, and the next night at about the same hour a message was sent to the same newspaper and received by the same man, announcing the demise of Dr. Thoburn. His death is attributed to overwork and exposure, which resulted in the collapse of a highly wrought and not overly robust organism. As the hearts of the people go out in sympathy to the bereaved father, Bishop Thoburn, who has come half way around the earth and across the continent to comfort the widow and settle up the affairs of his beloved son, it will serve a good purpose to mention some of the peculiar qualities of the subject of this sketch. Being the son of a Bishop, he was subject to the suspicion that such a relationship would procure for him certain preferments in the church a la government service, where the sons of distinguished fathers are sometimes appointed in preference to the more meritorious "nobodies" who are in the direct line of honorable promotion. Independent and self-reliant, and feeling his position keenly, he resolved to make his own career, and with this as a dominant purpose he courted rather than shunned the hardships of a frontier pastorate. He took his place with the young men who served new churches on small pay, and during his entire career in the Northwest he bore his full share of privation and sacrifice. "Argus" knows of one instance in which he suffered from a long and dangerous sickness caused by getting his feet wet in the midwinter slush, because he did not have money with which to buy a pair of badly needed overshoes. He had to keep a certain appointment, and he did so at the expense of his health. He was sympathetic, genial, talented, and optimistic possibly to excess. As to his faults, it may be said of him as was said of Dr. Kynett: "They were largely the excesses of his virtues." Thoburn was an inspiration to all who knew him, and the memory of his career will long be a source of strength to the young men of the Northwest.

Rev. G. A. Landen, presiding elder of Boise District, Idaho Conference, recently suffered a sad bereavement in the loss of his wife. A short time thereafter, while on the way to the train at Puyallup, Wash., he fell and broke his arm and otherwise injured himself quite seriously.

Taylor St. Church, Portland, has created a board of trustees to receive, hold and manage bequests which may be made to the church for the purpose of building in the

future, or of an endowment for the church. The object of this plan is to insure financial support after it has ceased to be a family church. A number of the central churches in northwest cities will soon reach the crisis caused by the exodus of members to the suburbs.

Dr. J. J. Walter, superintendent of the Alaska Mission, is enthusiastically pushing the erection of a Methodist college at Skagway. The residents of that city have pledged over \$2,000 and the Church Extension Society has granted \$1,000 for the purpose. Some material has already been shipped, and it is presumed that building operations will be commenced soon.

Rev. E. M. Randall, of First Church, Seattle, spent an early vacation in Alaska. He accompanied T. S. Lipsey, the Methodist Klondike millionaire, who went to Dawson to look after the spring "clean up" of his gold mines. During his absence, Rev. Isaac Naylor, an eloquent English evangelist, supplied the pulpit of First Church.

Dr. J. P. Marlatt, pastor of First Church, Tacoma, will complete a full term this year, and will then bid a regretful farewell to Puget Sound Conference. It is quietly understood that he will go to Pittsburg. During his pastorate in Tacoma Dr. Marlatt has raised over \$12,000 to apply on the indebtedness, and has developed the resources of the membership to a high degree of efficiency. He has rendered invaluable service in the management of Puget Sound University.

Rev. Horace Williston, of St. Paul's Church, Tacoma, will also complete a full term this year.

Dr. S. S. Sulliger will round out six years of successful labor as presiding elder of Olympia District. His territory includes all of southwestern Washington, with Olympia as the head of the district. There are forty pastoral charges under his care. Thorough supervision has greatly developed their latent capabilities. The pastors will make excellent reports. Willamette University recognized the meritorious work of

Food and Weather

Temperature Increased or Reduced by Food

The old army rations for the tropics has been very sharply criticised for the reason that it consists of articles of food that any person even slightly acquainted with the elements of food knows is not adapted to the needs of the human system in hot weather. Nature shows forth in the selection of food by inhabitants of various countries; for instance, the Esquimaux in a cold climate selects heavy, carbonaceous foods, tallow, bacon and such; while the Hindoo and inhabitants of hot countries turn to the cereals for sustenance.

We should follow this hint of nature, and particularly in hot weather should avoid much butter, meat or any of that class of food. Perhaps a little meat once a day is not amiss, even in hot weather, but the breakfast and lunch should be made of fruit, one or two slices of entire wheat bread and some Grape-Nuts and cream. Grape-Nuts are mentioned, because they furnish the ideal cereal food in a most palatable and delicious form, in addition to which, they are ready cooked and require no attention whatever from the cook.

A person can pass through weather that may be intensely hot, in a comfortable manner, if the food be properly selected, and the above suggestions can be put into practice with most excellent results.

Dr. Sulliger by conferring upon him the honorary degree of D. D. He already had the degree of M. D. Hence he enjoys the distinction of being "doubly doctored."

The animus back of the indictment of Dr. Sheldon Jackson, superintendent of schools in Alaska, is the opposition of the liquor element in that territory to Dr. Jackson's temperance sentiments. Furthermore he is a minister of the Gospel and is naturally hostile to the dishonest and demoralizing practices of that country. While Dr. Jackson may not be "up to date" in his management of the schools, it will be difficult to make his friends believe that he is guilty of anything requiring a federal grand jury indictment.

Rev. J. T. Abbet, of Eugene, Ore., attended the International League Convention. He went armed with a manzanita gavel from Crater Lake to present to the presiding officer.

Seattle is making preparations for the National W. C. T. U. convention, which will meet in that city next October. Mrs. Marion Baxter, who was engaged as financier, has raised all the money needed and is now in the East. Delegates to this convention will be given a rousing Western welcome, and will return to their Eastern homes with enlightened ideas about the Northwest.

Dr. H. K. Hines, one of the few remaining pioneer Methodist preachers of this section, will soon have his "History of Methodism in the Pacific Northwest" ready for delivery to subscribers. Dr. J. D. Hammond, San Francisco, is the publisher.

Dr. A. N. Fisher, editor of the *Pacific Christian Advocate*, is obliged to take a long summer vacation in California in search of health. He is improving, but will not resume his editorial duties for several months. Meanwhile a number of the pastors are doing the editorial work for the *Advocate*.

Dr. T. B. Lord, presiding elder of Eugene District, who suffered the fracture of both his lower limbs below the knees last winter, is steadily regaining his old-time strength.

Rev. J. C. Speer, pastor of Metropolitan Church, Victoria, B. C., visited Puget Sound Conference Epworth League Convention at Olympia in June and gave a fine address on "Crawlers, Crutchers and Climbers." Mr. Speer was formerly pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, Toronto, and is a very prominent Canadian Methodist.

Dr. P. A. Cool, of First Church, Spokane, is enjoying a successful pastorate, which has been especially marked by a reduction of the debt and the erection of a parsonage. Jefferson St. Church has outgrown its quarters and is arranging for an enlargement of the church.

The presiding elders of Oregon Conference have pledged their co-operation in the thank-offering movement, and recommend that church debts receive first consideration.

Rev. George Whitaker, D. D., the new president of Portland University, is giving his undivided attention to that institution. A temporary home has been secured in the Portland Hospital at Sunnyside, Portland, where school work will be carried on until permanent quarters can be secured.

Rev. L. E. Rockwell, successor of Rev. C. R. Thoburn as pastor of Centenary Church,

and uncle of his predecessor, is a graduate of Boston and Wesleyan Universities. He was once superintendent of public schools in Vermont, and later chaplain of the Vermont State Prison.

President W. C. Hawley has been re-elected president of Willamette University for another year. He asked to be released from the office, but the trustees thought the university could not get along without him, whereupon he was re-elected.

A GREAT PRACTICAL CHURCH-BUILDING AGENCY

SHEBNAH RICH.

At the breaking out of our Civil War, nowhere did the call for Union soldiers find a more ready response than from along border State lines, where our church, locally known as the "Church North," had found since '44 a precarious foothold. The attack of Captain Lyon of the St. Louis Arsenal, with his brave volunteer soldiers, upon the rebel Camp Jackson near by, in full military equipment, and the marching to the Arsenal as prisoners of war the entire camp of three thousand officers and men, including their leader, Governor Claib Jackson, was the torch that lighted a thousand camp-fires from West to East.

The war was begun.

"Now for the fight—now for the cannon-peal."

When Daniel Webster was congratulated upon his great forensic speech in answer to Hayne, in the United States Senate, he replied: "I have been all my life preparing that speech." Among the volunteer soldiers who marched with Captain Lyon and the undaunted

Frank P. Blair that night, to snatch the border State of Missouri from treason, there were men who had been preparing and waiting since '44.

These old church feuds and wars, at first seemingly unaccountable, as a part of church history are better understood, and notoriously have always best flourished in communities along the border. For sixteen years the old church had battled courageously to maintain her rights or her wrongs on the southern border, with a continuous widening of the breach. Nor had they been years of warfare, strictly in a figurative sense. We are not discussing the wisdom or the unwisdom of this long, bitter struggle. Undoubtedly it is the old story of good men and true on both sides contending for understood rights, and, like their ancestors, the Roundheads and Cavaliers, ready to fight for them.

The echo of Sumter did not come to the border as a bolt from a clear sky; mutterings had been long and furious. In less than three months from the first bangle blast, nearly every Methodist minister on the border, with the able-bodied men and boys of their congregations, were in camp or field. This unanimity of action to the uninitiated seemed mysterious. The churches were abandoned, the people scattered. All lines were annihilated. For four years these States were torn and desolated by contending armies.

At an early crisis, or during the second year of the war, the Union Church of St. Louis (now historic) was founded. A few men, from religious and patriotic impulses, Methodistically inclined, feeling the necessity of a distinctly Union Methodist rallying church in the city and State, undertook the work without a



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pledged dollar or a recorded church member. The result of this critical, chaotic effort was probably fairly expressed by Bishop James to the writer in New York, in 1887, in the following remark: "The history of the Union Church at St. Louis, considered in all its bearings, is undoubtedly the most successful in the annals of American Methodism."

It was at this church, in the spring of 1886, that the now great

CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY

received its financial baptism. The Missouri and Arkansas Conference had just closed. The poverty-stricken, almost hopeless condition of the societies scattered over more than one hundred thousand square miles, more than double entire New England, was indeed pitiful. Fathers and sons had fallen. Chapels had been despoiled and the flocks scattered. The words of the men of Judah to Nehemiah were in spirit the words of this stricken people to the church: "The remnant that are left of the captivity there in the province are in great affliction and reproach; the wall of Jerusalem is broken down and the gates thereof are burned with fire." These were not pagan tribes ten thousand miles across the pathless ocean, speaking in babel tongues, but a kindred people, praying for the preached Gospel's joyful sound.

General Conference, just adjourned, had not overlooked the pressing wants of this section. The Church Extension Society was created to meet this emergency. But months must pass before the new wheels could move. The wants were pressing.

Rev. A. C. George, D. D., of Union Church, though his first experience in the Missouri and Arkansas Conference just closed, in his short Western work had enlarged his Christian horizon. Dr. George was a "genius in the religious domain," a practical organizer, clear-headed, generous-hearted, and of predominating spiritual exaltation. He had come from Conference burdened for these churchless, shepherdless flocks. Like an ancient seer he had stood upon the broken walls. Union Church, the largest Protestant congregation in the State, was in sympathy with their pastor. The second Sabbath was devoted to the collection. "Christian Responsibility" ran through and through his sermon like a golden thread. In closing Dr. George said: "Could a more fitting place for this great religious and patriotic thank-offering be found than in the Union Church of St. Louis, which in her short history has secured almost a national reputation? We stand over the graves of old border lines and old issues. This new contribution towards the new Church Extension Society may become the keynote through our Methodism and a great effective agency of the church." A collection of nearly five thousand dollars was the result. Six members gave five hundred dollars each, thereby becoming life members of the Society. After more than thirty years, that Sabbath collection recalls a partial historic parallel. The famous University of Leyden was founded by the Prince of Orange as a patriotic and religious

thank-offering after the most obstinate and successful siege on record.

Perhaps two months after Dr. George came with us, Bishop Ames, by whom George had been transferred from Elmira, N. Y., dropped unceremoniously, as usual, into our office. Among his first inquiries was, "Well, how's George working with ye?" "He's doing well, Bishop. Just the man. The way things look, you could not possibly have done better for us." Then, to seem formerly consistent, we unfortunately added, "It really seems quite providential." "Yes," said the Bishop, with one of his wise drawls, "it's always Providence when you get the right man, and always the Bishop when you get the wrong one."

The splendid record of the Church Extension Society, as not long since reported in the HERALD, has called to mind its eventful beginning, and has suggested this

UNRECORDED PAGE OF CHURCH HISTORY.

Like the majority of great successful undertakings, this world-wide church philanthropy sprang into existence as a necessity. In this instance it grew out of unforeseen historic agencies met by timely assistance. Timely assistance is a powerful factor in the openings of providence and of destiny.

The same law or example would seem to teach a ready elective co-operation in giving, as preferable to more archaic systems of priest and Levite. The list of subscribers was handed the treasurer for collection. In the five-dollar column was the name of a young Prussian, a late captain in the Union Army, then employed in the United States Court, who attended Union. When called upon, he handed out a check for five hundred dollars, blandly remarking that that was the intended amount of his subscription. Said this gallant soldier in the privacy of our home where he was ever wel-

come: "I entered the Union Army in New Orleans at the beginning of the war, hoping quickly to end a life that was every day a sore burden. I was impatient for the messenger of death. In every engagement I prayed to God most sincerely that I might be the first to fall. When I saw my men and associates drop, mortally wounded, I coveted their places. I was in nearly all of the great battles during the four years. Not a wound, not a scratch, did I receive, nor a day's sickness did I suffer."

"Weary of his life, Francesco flew to Venice, and embarking, flung it away in battle with the Turk."

Henri Grentzenberg was well born, carefully educated by private tutors, and bred a soldier. He had great expectations. Love crossed his path. All was changed. With the spirit of a soldier and the chivalry of his race, he flew to America to fling his life away in defence of liberty. Was this a charmed life, or was it an accident? To the man most interested it was a puzzle.

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SERVING JESUS

MRS. BARNARD was having one of those over-full, hurrying, worrying days, when an added care was just too much. And she was to lead the Sunday-school teachers' class that night.

"I declare, it is almost cruel for Hilda to fall sick today," she sighed to herself; and then she felt a pang of remorse, for Hilda never did a cruel thing in her life, and was so distressed that morning when she positively could not stand for sickness.

"What will missis do?" wailed the poor black creature, thinking not of her own sickness, but of her mistress' dilemma.

Mrs. Barnard flew about her little home wildly until late in the afternoon, and then settled down to the study of the Sunday-school lesson.

"I ought to look in on Hilda," she thought a little regretfully, remembering that she had been left all day. "I remember that she said a drink of water was all she wanted, and that I gave her this morning. I wonder if it has lasted. It ought to such a day as this, and then, really, Hilda ought not to get sick today."

She opened the blessed Book in her lap, and somehow that little act, the very presence of the Word, quieted her fevered haste, and she settled back in her chair restfully; but, deary me! just as she felt like breathing freely there arose a vision of Hilda in that hot, stuffy room, asking only for a drink of water, and perhaps needing it very much. She put aside her Bible and commentary, rose hastily and went to Hilda's room.

"Better that the lesson should go unstudied than that I should grow blind to very plain duties," she said.

Surely enough, the sun was streaming in on Hilda's bed. The goblet was empty and hot, nobody knows for how long.

She closed the blinds to shut out the glare. The cup and pitcher were supplied with cold water.

Hilda's eyes filled with tears while the parched lips drank.

"It's so good, missis — you can never know."

She sat down on the side of the bed and bathed the old wrinkled face and the hard black hands which had served so many years. As she thought of it all her touch grew tender and sympathetic.

"Good Hilda!" she whispered gently.

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"You have thought of us so many years. Can you forgive me for neglecting you now?"

And then the hot pillows were shaken up, and the tumbled bed-clothes straightened. The old woolen blanket was so rough and hot. She hesitated a moment — just a moment — and brought out in exchange her own spun-silk quilt, so light and dainty, covered with lilac sprays.

A backward glance at the low cot as she hurried away from Hilda's thanks, gave her a glow in her heart.

"Now I can study the lesson and be in harmony with it," declared Mrs. Barnard, as she went back to her chair.

The lesson was, strangely enough, about Christ washing the feet of the disciples. She read over the beautiful story of lowly service. The first reference was Matt. 10:42: "And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

She read it over and over. It had never meant so much to her as today.

She closed her Bible with her finger in at this verse, and thought to plan an outline for her study. The day was warm and she was tired, and soon — soon —

She was walking along a dusty road — a dreary midsummer road — whereon the fervid heat blazed and burnt indescribably.

"This must be," she thought, "an Oriental country; no other land has such an even atmosphere and baked landscape."

She trudged on, it seemed, for many miles. Oh, how wearily the road stretched before her tired vision! How grateful would be the sight of a gurgling, sparkling spring! Were there none in this forsaken land? Her lips grew parched with fever. It seemed as if she must fall under the burning heat.

Fall? No. Some One was walking beside her — One whose very presence lifted and comforted her on that weary road. She looked up at the blessed face. It was thorn-crowned. The hand that held her up was a pierced hand. And to her lips He lifted a golden chalice from which she drank with such satisfaction as she had never known before.

"Oh, is this living water?" she thought, as a great joy possessed her. "Then it must be that he who gives it is the Christ — my Christ."

"Oh, that I might serve Thee!" she cried, bowing at His feet. "Truly I have longed to do it. To minister to Thee in my own little home would be the sweetest pleasure. The best place should be Thine; the lowliest service for Thee would be joy!"

She dared to look up even into His face now, and its transfigured glory, as He looked upon her with beautiful tenderness and love, thrilled her with joy to the depth of her soul. "Inasmuch," He said, "ye have done it to the least of these, and so to Me." Why, it was a familiar message, a well-known verse; but oh! it was new today; it was hers today.

And then — and then she opened her eyes in her own little parlor, where a beam of sunshine was lying across her

lap, and her finger was between the covers of the dear old Book, and the lesson was unlearned, unlearned. Nay, verily, it was learned as never before — learned at the very feet of the Master.

The tears dropped now on the open page, as she turned to the verse His lips had spoken and asked Him to seal it to her heart forever. — JENNIE M. BINGHAM, in *Michigan Christian Advocate*.

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36 Bromfield St., Boston.

A Vermont Camp-meeting

REV. WILLIAM McDONALD, D. D.

We recently attended a camp-meeting conducted by Rev. I. T. Johnson. The meeting was held on a new ground, near the town of Johnson, Vt., on the Lamoille River, a small but turbulent stream falling in cascades over rocks, making it a place of wild, picturesque scenery, as hilly as Vermont itself. The grounds are new, this being the first meeting held, but there is here one of the best auditoriums in New England, Old Orchard excepted.

We were wondering where the people were to come from, amid those hills; but, to our surprise, on the Sabbath more than three thousand people crowded in, and a more intelligent and orderly company we have not seen. The order was excellent and the accommodations all that could be desired or expected for a new ground.

Mr. Johnson and his helpers have done wonders in the preparation of this camp-ground from the rough, and the people were greatly delighted with the outlook for the future. The workers were numerous and efficient, and Mr. Johnson seems to possess the instincts of a born leader. We were greatly pleased with his leadership and the wisdom he displayed. Among the workers was Rev. B. S. Taylor, evangelist, from Iowa. Mr. Taylor is a Methodist preacher, a native of Vermont. His father was an effective preacher in these parts in years gone by, but removed many years ago to the West, where he lived and died, loved and honored. The son, B. S., is a preacher of a good deal of notoriety in the West. His sermons are as rugged as the hills of his native State. He is no sense "a son of consolation." He believes in attacking Satan's kingdom sword in hand, and hurling down headlong the giant form of wickedness and taking the kingdom by storm. Many think that he is wanting in a tender, loving spirit; but this is only apparent. Such men have their place in God's kingdom, and will have their reward. He has done, and is doing, much good. Dr. E. Levy, of Philadelphia, a Baptist minister, was present, and did good service; so did Deacon George Morse, of Putnam, Conn., also a Baptist. He is one of God's noblemen, full of faith and spiritual power. Rev. F. A. Hillery, of Providence, R. I., was an effective helper. Several preachers of the Vermont Conference were present and active in all the services. A Congregational minister was with us and preached with acceptance.

The meeting continues over two Sabbaths. We were present the second Sabbath. The day was charming. The love-feast was a season of refreshing. The congregation in the morning was large—at least three thousand—and very attentive. The Lord was pleased to help His unworthy servant preach the Word, and some sixty responded to the invitation to seek pardon and purity, and many found that for which they sought. Mr. Taylor preached in the afternoon. It was a voice from Sinai, and fell in a blazing torrent upon the people, scattering the congregation somewhat, they not being able to hear with calmness his fiery words. No seekers were at the altar. Rev. A. B. Rigg, well-known in Vermont, preached in the evening a very searching sermon. An altar service followed, and the camp-meeting closed.

The people were delighted with the meeting, and all are anxious for its continuance another year. This meeting will bless Vermont Methodism.

Notes from Cottage City

— Dr. Eckman, pastor of the new St. Paul's, New York, delivered a splendid sermon, Sunday morning, Aug. 13, on "The Ultimate Triumph of Truth." It made every sincere believer feel the solidity of the foundations, and exult in the Lord's victorious leadership. In the evening Dr. Kendrick, of Brookline, delivered a very impressive discourse on, "What is Your Life?" The seed sown will produce a harvest.

— The Baptist open-air services are now in session nearby us. The principal attraction is Dr. Wharton, of Baltimore, the justly celebrated evangelist. We have heard him twice, and, with many others, have been much impressed by his weighty speech, his winning manner, and his evident unction, joined with his tact and common sense. His congregations have been unusually large, much larger than any we have seen at that place at the evening services for many years. The immediate results are considerable

in the arousing of Christians on practical lines. A few have presented themselves as seekers of salvation. This great denomination is eminently evangelistic, and is employing here methods which used to be very successful in Methodist camp-meetings. It would be a fine thing if there could be a return here to the straight and steady effort to win men immediately to the service of Jesus Christ. Times have changed, to be sure, and we do not expect to bring back the old conditions. But we can have, and ought to have, the Divine anointing, and seek for and expect the results in personal salvation under the new conditions. Why would it not be a good plan for those who manage our summer gatherings to employ tried and acceptable workers, evangelists and others, who shall plan campaigns steady and strong, which shall result in the purifying and extension of the church of God, and the conviction and conversion of multitudes of lost souls? The fields are white, the danger is imminent, the assaults of sin are constant and tremendous, and men are dying without hope. God help us to be active and true!

"The pink of condition" means perfect health. Babies fed on Mellin's Food are perfectly developed and of sound constitution—are in the "pink of condition."

THE CONFERENCES

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE

Boston District

Worcester, Trinity. — We have been favored, as in several past seasons, by the presence in our pulpit of Rev. Charles L. Goodell, Ph. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., but who is in every way a thoroughgoing Worcester County boy. He is passing his summer in Dudley, his old home, with his aged father, and it gives Worcester people a deal of pleasure to welcome him here. Large audiences greeted him on his appearance, and all were greatly edified by his inspiring words. He also favored the Y. M. C. A. by occupying the platform there in the afternoon.

Grace. — It seemed strange enough to have the usual morning service given up on account of the repairs now in progress. Those of the congregation now in town are taking the opportunity to attend some of the other churches, and thereby learn how it is done elsewhere. "Father" Pentecost has occupied the pulpit once this summer, and, as ever, to the comfort and profit of his listeners.

Laurel St. — Pastor Paine has had his trip to Maine, and though he didn't catch any bears, he did bring home a large string of trout. From the days of Peter ministers have had the reputation of being good fishermen. Rev. William Pentecost has preached once during the vacation in this his old pulpit.

Thomas St. — The new edifice looms up greatly in its corner position. It is by far the largest building in the vicinity, and is thereby all the more prominent. The finish within and without is to be first-class, and the people will be well housed before winter.

Springfield District

Springfield, Trinity. — On Aug. 6, 3 were received by letter and 2 from probation. One was received on probation. "After a long and earnest debate at a recent session of the Sunday-school board, it was decided to close the whole

school during August." However, we note in the *Trinity Chimes* of Aug. 6 that "the vestry doors will be open as usual at the regular hour for the study of the Word of God. . . . These 'summer sessions' will continue during the month." At the request of the pastor, Rev. A. C. Skinner, the official board has allowed the putting in of a half-dozen bicycle racks at either side of the front entrance for the convenience of those who are obliged to use their wheels in coming to church.

VERMONT CONFERENCE

Epworth League Cabinet Meeting. — The cabinet of the Vermont Epworth League held its semi-annual meeting in Waterbury, Aug. 2. The business session occupied the afternoon. Of the thirteen members all were present except Dr. Geo. W. Brown, of Rutland, and Rev. C. L. Hall, and the secretary, Geo. L. Lang, of Burlington, who were unavoidably detained. Besides routine business, plans for the next State convention, to be held in 1900, were discussed. The first thought had been to hold a federated convention of young people's societies. But the difficulties of entertainment and of unity in working seem to make the scheme unfeasible. A committee was appointed which is to have charge of all arrangements for a State League convention. This committee is composed of the presiding elders and two others from each of the four districts and has power to add to its number. Rev. W. M. Newton, principal of Montpelier Seminary, has been elected chairman.

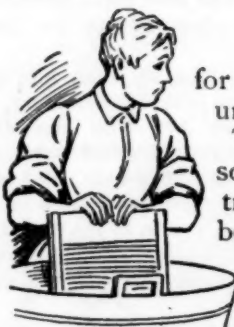
In the evening a public meeting was held in the church, which was well attended both locally and also by representatives from Waitsfield, Stowe, Waterbury Centre, and Morrisville, with their respective pastors. A symposium of short papers and addresses was presented by the clerical members of the cabinet on the subject, "The Epworth League in the Rural Community." The division of topics was as follows: 1. The rural population of Vermont — (1) components and numbers; (2) conditions and needs: (a) social; (b) religious. 2. The Epworth League a force for social uplift. 3. The Epworth League a force for spiritual uplift. 4. The place and value of childhood training. 5. The record and the outlook: (1) what has been done; (2) the field for further effort; (3) the inspiration. 6. The closing word. The speakers were Presiding Elders W. R. Davenport, J. O. Sherburne and C. S. Nutter; Revs. W. P. Stanley and J. A. Dixon, district presidents; Rev. A. E. Atwater, superintendent of State Junior League; Rev. W. M. Newton, president of Montpelier Seminary; Rev. L. O. Sherburne, of Enosburg Falls. The closing words were said by Prof. W. C. Kitchin, of the University of Vermont, president of the cabinet. V. A. Irish, of Enosburg Falls, is State treasurer. Rev. J. L. Foss, of Winooski, attended the business session. Rev. L. K. Willman, of Waterbury, presided at the evening meeting.

Montpelier will probably be the place of holding the convention. Rev. C. O. Jenkins, the pastor there, has already taken the first steps in the provision of entertainment, and will be backed by Barre, six miles distant, where Rev. A. E. Atwater is pastor.

MAINE CONFERENCE

Portland District

Kennebunkport. — Congregations and Sunday-school are steadily increasing. There have been six conversions since Conference. One hundred dollars have been raised on the parsonage debt, and a strong effort will be made to pay the whole



Hard facts

for women who wash. No work you do is so unhealthful as your work over a washtub. This hard, perspiring work in the midst of soiled clothes and tainted steam will make trouble for you. The less of it you do, the better. Wash with Pearline, and there's little or none of it. Nothing but rinsing the clothes, after soaking and boiling them. Consider your health.

Millions NOW USE Pearline

this year. Rev. C. E. Bean, the former pastor of this circuit, is abundant in labors and is beloved by all the people.

Cape Porpoise.—Improvements on church property continue. A new carpet has been laid in the audience-room. One of the largest class-meetings on the district meets every Saturday evening.

York.—Rev. C. C. Whidden is winning his way into the hearts of the people by faithful pastoral work. Important improvements in the parsonage are contemplated, including steam-heat. A Junior League will be organized very soon.

Kittery, Second Church.—The Epworth Leagues, Senior and Junior, are being reorganized for better work. The stewards have voted to make up financial deficiencies at the close of each quarter. The people are of the opinion that Rev. Geo. C. Andrews is the right man for the place.

E. O. T.

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE

Concord District

Franklin Falls.—At the last communion 6 were received into full connection—a part of last winter's work, and a part of the twentieth-century movement.

Weirs Camp-meeting.—A week without a cloud. A glorious meeting. Large congregations. A spirit of willingness to take hold of the work. Strong and helpful preaching from first to last. Grand singing led by Rev. A. L. Smith, who was supported by an excellent choir. The morning talks by Dr. Knowles filled the Concord house sometimes to overflowing. They will long be remembered by all who heard them. The children's meetings in charge of Mrs. Nellie B. Morse were very profitable. The prayer-meetings each day were seasons of great power. The preachers of the week were in the following order: Revs. W. T. Boultenhouse, J. Roy Dinsmore, E. C. E. Dorion, E. B. Perkins, C. D. Hills, W. H. Hutchins, G. N. Dorr, S. McLaughlin, Moses Bixby of the Baptist Church of Providence, W. C. Bartlett, L. D. Bragg, W. F. Ineson, and E. N. Jarrett. The address by Dr. Hills on the Twentieth Century movement was a very clear-cut and eloquent presentation of the subject. There is an urgent desire for its publication in tract form, that a copy may be put into the hands of every Methodist on the district and in the Conference. It ought to have a very wide circulation. At the love-feast 175 spoke in one hour. Epworth League day was interesting. Mr. Dorion's address was very strong and helpful, and the paper of Miss Elizabeth Dyer was excellent. The missionary meeting had for speakers Mrs. L. D. Bragg to represent the Home work, and Miss Mary E. Lunn and Miss Knowles the Foreign. It was a good meeting. While there were many people in the hotels who cared nothing for the meetings and did not attend, yet there was the most perfect order in

the meetings and all about the place. It was indeed a glorious meeting.

Personal.—Rev. W. T. Boultenhouse was called to Boston by the serious illness of his mother. When he arrived, he found that the death messenger had called an hour before and the spirit was gone. A sad affliction to our brother.

Groveton Camp-meeting is next in order, beginning Aug. 28. We hope for a great rally and a meeting of much power.

We are planning for a revival campaign all over the district. Every church should be in line. We must win our share of the two million souls.

Every pastor, by request of the Twentieth Century Commission of Concord District, is expected to preach on that matter the last Sunday in September. Let each pastor prepare himself and be ready on that day. No collection is to be taken; it is launching day. The people need to be educated on this great subject.

B.

Manchester District

Brookline is full of courage and enjoying the ministry of Pastor Foote, who is doing his best to honor the Master.

Milford has made some good strides in material improvement, and by revision of records and otherwise is stripped to working trim. Five children were baptized here on Sunday, Aug. 13, and one on profession of faith. Pastor Miller is working this field judiciously and aiming for fruit in the salvation of the people.

Sunapee.—Rev. C. W. Taylor, of Salisbury, and his son Carl, convalescents, are at their summer home on the lake shore here for rest and recreation. Mr. Carl Taylor has been suffering for several months from nervous depression—almost absolute prostration—from overwork, but is now gaining rapidly, with hope of soon reaching his normal condition.

G. W. N.

WOMEN GET RICH AS WELL AS MEN

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Many women say it is hard to get along in the world because they do not have the chance to make money that men do. I disagree with them, for I am perfectly independent since starting in business a few months ago, and never make less than \$18.00 a week, and often as much as \$40.00. I am selling Baird's Non-Alcoholic Flavoring Powders, which are much superior and cheaper than the liquid extracts sold in stores. Before starting I wrote to W. H. Baird & Co., 256 Telephone Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa., and obtained samples which we tried in cakes, candies, custards and ice cream at our church sociable. Everything was so delicious that I wrote for the agency at once, and had no trouble in establishing a regular trade with my neighbors, which only occupies the time I can spare from household duties. The manufacturers say they will employ any earnest person, man or woman, who can spare all or part of their time, and I can say I never heard of such an easy way to make money.

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CHURCH REGISTER

HERALD CALENDAR

Richmond Camp-meeting, Rev. I. T. Johnson, Leader,	Aug. 18-28
Northport Camp-meeting,	Aug. 19-28
Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting,	Aug. 20-27
Hedding Camp-meeting,	Aug. 21-28
Laurel Park Camp-meeting,	Aug. 21-28
Asbury Grove Camp-meeting,	Aug. 21-28
Willimantic Camp-meeting,	Aug. 21-28
East Livermore Camp-meeting,	Aug. 21-28
North Anson Camp-meeting,	Aug. 21-28
Lyndonville Camp-meeting,	Aug. 21-28
Claremont Junction Camp-meeting,	Aug. 22-28
Sheldon Camp-meeting,	Aug. 23-30
Groveton Camp-meeting,	Aug. 28-Sept. 1
Willmot Camp-meeting,	Aug. 28-Sept. 2

NOTICE.—To the undergraduates of East Maine Conference—Dear Brethren: Having been transferred to the Wilmington Conference, I am not a member of the Board of Examiners of East Maine Conference. You will please write Rev. H. E. Foss, of Bangor, who will inform you as to your work in exegesis.
V. E. HILLS,
Lincoln City, Del.

AVAILABLE PASTOR.—Any presiding elder who needs a pastor and preacher of experience can secure one by addressing Rev. B. G. Sanford, Watertown, N. Y. He has had nearly twenty years' experience in preaching, and is a graduate of Wesleyan University and of Boston School of Theology. He would accept a suitable charge in any city or village in New England, New York or New Jersey. For reference, address Rev. M. Y. Bovard, pastor of State St. Church, Watertown, N. Y.

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OBITUARIES

The faces of our dead ones lie below
The face of God;
Withdrawn from this world's weariness,
Beyond its pain, beyond its bitter stress,
They are at peace.

The noises of this earth-life may not break
That wondrous peace;
It lies deep-folded in the eternal place,
Beyond the power of wrong, above the trace
Of doubt and fear.

They see the face of God, and know at last
The thing they sought
But could not find, in this grey light of time.
They tread with holy feet that far-off clime,
They live with God.

And we who follow them are not forgot,
They know our life;
The memory of years once lived upon these
lands,
Where we still toil with weary feet and hands,
Is sacred still.

It cannot ever be to them a dream all vague;
They are with Christ;
And Christ may not forget the earth He saved,
The floods of that strange mortal life that laved
His blessed feet.

They are with Christ, and still o'er us they bend
And watch with Him.
Oh, not with fear they look, nor anguished face;
There is no fear in heaven, in that high place
Of peace and rest.

They hear our prayers, they watch our daily
course
With sweet, high look.
They gaze on us, and on that wondrous Face
Whose eyes are truth, whose fashioned grace
Is like to God.

And we are found in Him and seen through Him,
And all is well.
We may not faint or fail, we catch their faith,
We know they hear, for aye, the words He saith,
Who leadeth them.

And evermore in solemn silent hours
We feel them near;
Our dead ones come again with healing hands,
And walk with us along these lower lands,
Gentle, serene,

Till all the trouble of this human life
Is drawn away;
And all our weakness seems to pass and die
In Him, whose life we live, and they on high,
Whose life is peace.

— Rev. Pascal Harrouer.

Herrick.—Miss Cynthia E. Herrick, who for many years has been an invalid, passed away at Brownville, Vt., July 31, 1899.

Meeting with an accident while coasting on the snowcrust at the age of eighteen years, she had been a great sufferer with spinal trouble ever since. For the past eight weeks she kept her bed continually, and was a great sufferer, finally succumbing to what was thought to be a cancer on the liver. She had the best of medical aid, and was tenderly cared for by loving hands.

Miss Herrick had only recently become a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but had received early Christian training, attended class-meeting, and expressed desires for the Christian experience. Once when very sick she pledged herself to God, if restored, and broke the covenant; but during the eight weeks of her last sickness she was able to exercise penitent faith and found the peace she so much desired. She received the rite of baptism, and the pastor, with others, carried to her the elements and service of the Lord's Supper to her comfort and joy. She left a sure testimony that she has gone beyond the reach of sin and suffering to meet her Saviour.

The funeral services were held in the church on Aug. 2, the pastor preaching from Psalm 17: 15. A large number of friends both in and from out of town were present.

W. H. WHITE.

Brown.—Mrs. Elizabeth Hudson Brown was born in St. Andrews, N. B., March 5, 1834, and died in Portland, Me., July 15, 1899.

Born and trained by Christian parents, Mrs. Brown was early converted, and at fifteen united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. While a mere child her mother died, and her five brothers and sisters found her ready to act as the

religious leader in the home circle. There was a strong sympathy existing between father and eldest daughter, and in beautiful harmony they shared the responsibilities of conducting the family altar.

When seventeen she was married to Thomas Smardon, of Calais, Me. Soon after marrying they went to live in St. Anthony, Minnesota. While Mr. Smardon, as an officer of the law, was making an arrest, he was treacherously shot and died instantly. Four children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Smardon, but all died while quite young. The two whom Mrs. Smardon brought to the East with her after the death of her husband died within twenty-four hours of each other of that dreadful disease, diphtheria.

Thirty-nine years ago Mrs. Smardon came to Portland, and here married Thomas H. Brown, with whom she lived happily until a few years ago, when he was called away. The one child born of this union lived but six months.

In 1874 Mrs. Brown joined the Chestnut St. Church in Portland, and till her death remained a consistent member. Few people become as devoted to the church and its people as Mrs. Brown. She loved her pastors, Sunday-school teachers, and class-leaders, and was always in her place at the various services. Through all the griefs and disappointments of her life there was never a word of complaint. In her final illness she was tenderly ministered to by her relatives and the friends of the church she loved. She lived a devoted life and welcomed the summons home. Funeral services were held in Chestnut St. Church, conducted by the pastor.

L. F.

Collins.—Laura Smith Horne, wife of Rev. John Collins, of the Maine Conference, was born in Somersworth, N. H., Nov. 14, 1836, and died in the same town, July 7, 1899. She was the daughter of James and Eliza C. Horne.

In the revival of 1850-'51, under the pastorate of Rev. James Pike, she gave her heart to the Lord Jesus, and consecrated her life to His service at fifteen years of age. At the close of her probation she united with the High St. Methodist Episcopal Church in (then) Great Falls. Rev. Dr. Chadbourne of the New England Conference was received into the church at the same time.

She was educated at Great Falls high school and New Hampshire Conference Seminary. She taught school several years, and Dec. 27, 1862, gave herself in marriage to Rev. John Collins and to the larger field of Christian service, to which she devoted her largely endowed mind and heart for nearly forty years—thirty years in active and most efficient service in the itinerancy and eight years in monumental testimony of the saving and keeping power of Christ in great suffering, from which at last she was translated to the home above. Through all these years of labor in the itinerancy and suffering in sickness in her home her faith, self-sacrifice and patience were wonderful evidences of God's faithfulness. When in her extreme physical helplessness, after resorting to the best medical aid, she turned to the Great Physician, and the answer came not as she expected, yet with a beautiful resignation she rejoiced in the will of her Heavenly Father. "Her vision He had dimmed that she might see Himself alone," and her fellowship with God was sweet in the extreme.

She was conscious to the last, said the future looked bright, that all was well. She sent messages to absent members of the family and relatives, and bade them good-by till they should meet in heaven. The Scripture upon which she rested most at last was John 14 and the 23d Psalm. At high noon, July 7, this blood-washed saint slowly and painlessly passed to be with Jesus.

She leaves, in sorrow, with a sense of unspeakable loss, our dear Brother Collins, to whom she was more than wife; two sons, whose noble manhood bears testimony of her watchful and prayerful care; one daughter, whose devotion to mother in her invalidism was Christly; and a large circle of friends, all of whom hold our translated sister in grateful and loving memory.

She will be remembered on the many charges served by Mr. Collins as a "laborer together with God" in the home, the church, and society. "Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

The influence of her consecrated life will long be felt in the work of the W. C. T. U., the W. H. M. S., and the W. F. M. S., with which she was identified with unflinching interest to the very last. Every good work had her heart's sympathy and her unselfish service. No more devoted, self-sacrificing woman has ever passed out of the

itinerancy to heaven than our dear sister, Laura Collins. And still she lives, above, below.

I. LUCK.

Tuck.—Mary Penelope Tuck, daughter of Rev. J. D. Templin, was born in Iowa City, Iowa. When about nine years old she gave herself to God and was baptized. In 1883 she married John A. Tuck, of Farmington, Maine, and in 1889 they went to Unalakpa, Alaska, in the service of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of our church, of which Society she was the first missionary to those remote but interesting islands, the Aleutian group. The work here undertaken proved unexpectedly fruitful and speedily resulted in the establishment of the Jesse Lee Memorial Home, of which she remained the efficient matron until failing health compelled a most reluctant abandonment of the work. To the work of this practically most distant mission of Methodism she gave the seven most strenuous years of her life. Although never strong physically and afflicted all these years by the disease which led to her death, she much of the time did the work of three women. Far removed from any possibility of medical advice or assistance, she was for months at a time confined to her bed by dangerous illness, yet unable to relinquish the burden of daily care. Being the only woman in the Home, she would have her room filled with girls for hours nearly every day, while she, being too weak to sit up, planned and supervised the cutting, making, darning and mending for a family of thirty. In the work of the Home her ideal was a high one, and while she presided there, it was indeed a Christian home for all, in which teachers and children lived and worked together. Her work here was entirely a labor of love, as she received no salary. Obligated to "make bricks without straw" and under the most discouraging conditions for want of room and lack of helpers, she bated no jot of heart or of hope. Her Christian faith was ever simple, childlike, trustful, stronger for others than for herself. Facing a terrible surgical operation, she said to the doctor: "You must cure me so that I can again become a missionary." When her own danger was spoken of, she smiled and sweetly said: "But, you know, I am in God's hands." The end came quite unexpectedly. Three days and a half after the operation heart failure intervened, and she died Feb. 10, 1899.

R. McI.

Day.—One of the most convincing proofs of true conversion is seen in the consistency of life. Jesus exhorted His disciples against following the scribes and the Pharisees, for, said He, "they say, and do not." A want of harmony between their profession and their lives caused the people to doubt their sincerity. A different case occurs to our mind: A cripple was made to walk, under Peter and John, through the power of Christ. The Sadducees, being grieved, arrested them and held them till the next day. But finally "beholding the man that was healed standing among them, they could say nothing against it." Here was a convincing proof that the lame man was made whole. The result was, they acknowledged that a notable miracle had been wrought. When nothing else silences the cavalier, a consistent Christian life will.

Mrs. Lydia E. Day, of Gloucester, recently deceased, lived such a life. She literally adorned the "doctrine of God our Saviour in all things." She was born fifty-seven years ago. While yet a child she professed conversion and joined the

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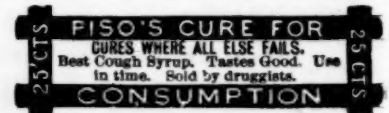
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Methodist Church in Riverdale, Gloucester. From the hour she took upon her the vows of the church till the close of life, she was true to her obligations. She was very conscientious in the performance of all religious duties. When convinced that God required a particular course of conduct at her hands, she promptly acquiesced, whatever it cost in labor or sacrifice. She did not consider her own ease or pleasure, but—What is duty?

Her personal experience was above the ordinary type. Beginning with a sound conversion, she followed the Apostle's advice and "added to her faith virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity." Her faith never seemed to weaken, nor did her hope become dim. Her experience was clear and positive, and she was "ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh, a reason for the hope she had with meekness and fear." She was especially helpful in times of revival. Constant in duty, effective in prayer, sympathetic in spirit, she led many a seeker to Christ. For many years she served on the board of stewards, was wise in counsel, progressive in spirit, an excellent financier, and a Sunday-school teacher seldom excelled.

But, like many eminent Christians, her life was full of trials. She made few complaints, but deep in her soul was buried a sorrow too sacred and heartrending for the public ear. During the last few years this sorrow preyed upon her constitution and furrowed her once fair brow. Although the chastening hand was laid heavily upon her, she believed it to be the hand of her loving Heavenly Father who would cause every stroke to work out the "peaceable fruits of righteousness." During her months of sickness "patience had its perfect work." She "endured as seeing Him who is invisible." No person ever looked death in the face with a calmer and more fearless spirit. She awaited the moment when the weary wheels of life would stand still, with the composure and fearlessness of a child wrapped in gentle sleep. There was no indication of ecstatic joy, no word indicative of unusual emotion, no grasp of the hand in the last farewell; but, conscious that the last moment of her earthly life had come and that the next moment she would stand in the presence of her Maker and Judge, she calmly folded her hands and was not, for God took her. Thus this devout Christian, through the remarkable power of the grace of God, met and discharged faithfully the duties of a Christian life, bore patiently its severe trials, endured uncomplainingly its afflictions, and died a calm and peaceful, though most triumphant, death.

W. J. HAMBLETON.

Thompson. — Mrs. Hannah J. Thompson (nee Turner) died at Revere, Mass., July 21, 1899. The services were held at the home on Beach St., Revere, by the pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church of which she was a member.

Mrs. Thompson was 38 years old and was born at St. Johns, Newfoundland. She was an exemplary Christian wife and mother. Besides her husband, A. J. Thompson, there are remaining in the family eight children, seven of them boys. Of her children she remarked, shortly before her death: "I have done my best to lay a good foundation." Her care and training of these children was marked with a painstaking and intelligent attention suited to the different natures of the little ones. Mrs. Thompson was a gifted home-maker.

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Rev. A. B. Leonard, D. D., writes:—

"In the death of Dr. William Butler there passes from the church militant to the church triumphant one of the great missionary heroes of the century now closing. He will take rank with Carey, Judson, and others, whose names are worthy of being added to the list of saints given in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, 'who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens.' The name of William Butler will always hold a supreme place in the Methodist Episcopal Church as the founder of our greatest and most successful foreign mission. He and the noble woman who now mourns his death planted themselves in North India in 1856 among many millions of pagan people, few if any of whom had ever seen a Christian or heard the name of Jesus. They were genuine 'seeds of the kingdom,' and behold the harvest! Five Annual Conferences and a Mission Conference stretching from the Himalayas to the Straits of Singapore, with nearly 100,000 communicants and all the institutions of the church in successful operation. Returning from India he was commissioned to found the Methodist Episcopal Church in the Republic of Mexico, which he successfully accomplished in 1873, and where we now have an Annual Conference with about 4,000 communicants. Let India and Mexico be inscribed upon his monument as they were upon his heart, and let the whole church revere his memory!"

Bishop Foss writes:—

"The sudden but not unexpected translation of Dr. William Butler moves me to record in briefest phrase my deliberate estimate of his character and work. I met him several times immediately after his return from his great work in planting our mission in India, and was inspired by his glowing and intelligent missionary zeal. Ever since I have followed his career with unflinching interest because of his divinely-inspired, incessant and insatiable hunger for the conversion of the world. I have known no man who has seemed to me more constantly and completely dominated by the sublime program set forth in the great commission of the risen Saviour. He longed intensely to bring 'all the world,' and 'every creature' to his adorable Master's feet. When broken by disease and borne down by 'the rush of numerous years,' the same consuming passion glowed in his heart, flashed in his eye, and trembled on his tongue. 'Servant of God, well done!' Thy spiritual sons

from three continents have rung thy welcome at the gates of pearl. A great, noble, guileless, pure, consecrated, unique soul has ascended."

Bishop Thoburn says:—

"Dr. William Butler will always be known as one of the historical characters of the Methodist Episcopal Church. More than any other man, more even than Melville B. Cox, he put the great missionary cause before the church in such a way as to compel attention. He believed in the cause, and while others faltered and shrank back, he gave himself and his family as an offering to the new mission, and in the most practical and effective way thus showed his faith by his works. When he, almost a stranger in the church of his adoption, went forth to the new field in India, our church was only maintaining three or four missionaries in all the heathen world. In three years Dr. Butler succeeded in rallying around him a band of a dozen missionaries, and thus lifted the missionary enterprise, so far as our church was concerned, to a new and higher plane. His energy was tireless, his zeal quenchless, and his faith unyielding. To very few men in missionary history has it been given, as it was given to Dr. Butler, to found two great missions on opposite sides of the globe, and live to see both of these crowned with success and moving forward in a career of unwonted victory."

"Forty years ago next Monday—I write on Saturday—I first met Dr. Butler when he came on board our vessel at Calcutta, and greeted us affectionately at the close of our long voyage of 127 days. He was then in his early prime, full of vigor, brimming over with irrepressible energy and yet tender and affectionate in the greeting extended to us, and manifestly in active sympathy with all good people and all good work. As we saw him on that quiet Sunday evening, so I have been permitted to see him through the years which have since elapsed. After his many long years of active toil he had earned the rest which now must be doubly sweet to him, and he died none too soon. His was a well-earned release, and now that he rests from his labors, his works will assuredly follow him."

Rev. Dr. Stephen L. Baldwin sends the following:—

"In the death of Dr. William Butler the church has lost one of its most distinguished and useful ministers. The grand work which he did in laying so well and strongly the foundations of our mission in India, and his subsequent service to the church in doing the same work for Mexico, will ever be held in grateful remembrance. He was a missionary by conviction, never doubting the obligation of the Redeemer's command to 'go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.' The share which he had in forwarding the Redeemer's kingdom in India and Mexico was to him a source of great joy and gratitude. In a conversation with him a few weeks ago he expressed to me his great wonder that God had permitted him to be of some service in helping on the work in those two countries. He was always very modest in speaking of his own connection with the great missionary triumphs of the church. I remember with pleasure some of his eloquent and thrilling sermons; for he was a preacher of great power. He has joined the great throng which has been receiving so rapidly of late some of the choicest spirits of our church; and he leaves a record of unblemished purity and of utmost fidelity to the Master."

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Curtis & Jennings, of Cincinnati, have just brought out, in a handsome little volume, the series of articles written by Prof. Borden P. Bowne, and first published in this paper, under the caption: "The Christian Life: A Study." In the preface to the volume the author thus clearly states his purpose: "This study aims to be a help to sincerity and naturalness in religion by clearing up some of the confusions of popular religious thought and speech. We all feel that in religion, of all matters, we should be supremely real and sincere; and yet, owing to an ambiguous and misleading terminology and the illusions thence resulting, an uncomfortable air of artificiality and unreality often seems to pervade the subject. This is not commonly due to insincerity, but rather to the ambiguity and uncertainty of the conventional thought and language in this field. This condition of things, however, is an evil, and is one of the sources of religious weakness today. We grope in the dark of unwarranted expectations and misdirected effort. And the only way out seems to be to clear up our thought and speech, so that we may know what we wish and what we mean, thus enabling the religious life to grow unhindered and undistorted by illusion and misdirection." Our readers will find this book especially suggestive and stimulating. It can be ordered of C. R. Magee, 38 Bromfield St., Boston, for 40 cents, postage prepaid.

How rare is the art of putting things! How excellent are right words! What pungency is added to thought when it is phrased in terms that strike and stick! Such surely are the following by William Secker: "Good works may be our Jacob's staff to walk with on earth, yet they cannot be our Jacob's ladder to climb to heaven with. To lay the salve of our services upon the wound of our sins is as if a man who is stung by a wasp should wipe his face with a nettle, or as if a person should busy himself in supporting a tottering fabric with a burning firebrand. In proof of sanctification good works cannot be sufficiently magnified; but in point of justification good works cannot be sufficiently nullified."

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